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FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY SUNDAY NEWS NEWSPAPER

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TRYING IT ON.—Aut CESAR aut NULLUS.

WASHINGTON, December 21.—There has been a great deal of conjecture as to the object of King Kalakaua's visit to Washington; but I am enabled to give you the true solution of the problem. For some time there have been correspondence and negotiations going on between an intimate friend of the President and King Kalakaua. Ulysses, finding his chances for becoming a Caesar in the United States rapidly fading away, determined that he would be Caesar or nobody. He has traded his farm and dogs in Missouri with the King for the Sandwich Islands, of which he expects to take possession March 5th, 1877. As an extra inducement, King Kalakaua has been ceded all Grant's right, title and interest in the Washington King, the San Domingo Job and Seneca Stone Company. The inclosed sketch is a view of the last private rehearsal in the Cabinet-room, with the following conversation.—*Gap*.

KALAKAUA—"Messrs. Ministers, when you address royalty, go down on your knees, and say 'Your Majesty,' which, as you have long been used to that, will not be a difficult task. After your genuflections, you will present him with his morning lunch."

KING ULYSSES—"This is not quite the height of my ambition, but I can have my own way, and smoke in peace. Well, Kalakaua, I'll sign the contract, anyway. I thought I could rule the American people, but they want me to serve them. Republics are ungrateful."

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REPUBLICAN COMPROMISE.

SOME time last Summer we counseled the Republicans in Congress to concede something to public opinion, and one or two "organs" called our advice an invitation to cowardice. After a political defeat, and during an impending annihilation, the leading members of the party have offered what they call a compromise, but what is really a concession. The leaders have lowered themselves a little ways towards the crowd. A compromise is promised on the Civil Rights Bill, and separate schools with equal facilities for education are to be provided for both races. This is a wise provision, and should be satisfactory to the sentiments of all critics. The Democrats have not since 1861 denied that a negro may justly be educated; and all that the Republicans ask is, that he shall in his civil rights be equal with a white. Justice is satisfied with the effect, and politics may be satisfied as to the means. But there is something ridiculous in the fact that this compromise was not reached last Winter, and it is exasperating to think that Walter Phelps was defeated because his party lacked about a quarter's schooling.

Concerning the Finances, the Committee appointed by the Republican Senatorial caucus, and consisting in its majority of the most powerful inflationists, and in its minority of the leading bullionists, has agreed upon a compromise which must satisfy both Houses of Congress, as well as the President. It will give us free banking, a limited and gradual reduction of greenback circulation, and a gold redemption four years hence. This compromise ought to satisfy the constituents of *circulationists* like Morton and Ferry, of extreme hard-money men like Sargent and Phelps, and of moderate men like Sherman and Platt. It is, indeed, far from being an inflation measure, but it does not threaten the country with any heroic plan of contraction that would suddenly lower prices. Its tendency is towards specie payments, and the promise ought to satisfy the country.

The President also seems disposed to offer, a compromise to public opinion; and it is evident that when leading Republicans have recently visited the White House they did not make merely a formal call. When the President offered the Ministry to Russia to James Russell Lowell, he made a great concession to public opinion. Not that we ought to be specially thankful for it, but that there was a sense of social justice in it, which the people demand and are not slow to recognize. A half dozen such offers, which would not all be refused, would place the State Department upon a sound footing. If, for example, Mr. Motley could be returned to England, there would be a dozen Democratic speeches spoiled in Congress, and no man in private or in press life would lift his voice against the appointment. We honestly believe that such an appointment would make New England undeniably Republican; but, what is of greater importance, it would satisfy the sentiment of

the people. If the President could find it in his heart to make such a man as Evarts Attorney-General, and put a Liberal, like Schurz, at the head of the Interior Department, he would strengthen his Administration and disarm criticism.

Let us say to those Republican leaders who read our journal, that there are two sorts of justice in legislation: political and popular. The outgrowth of Republicanism has been a too complacent and a too reliant belief in the efficacy of government in accomplishing good. The little sentiments and the untutored wishes of the people have seldom been regarded. These sentiments and wishes, announced in wayside blacksmith-shops and promulgated along lathe-benches, are founded, if not upon reason that satisfies immediate and machine policy, at least upon an inherent sense of justice, which in the long run finds even its political reason. When an appointment is made to a great position, readers of newspapers do not like to refer to the leading editorials to discover who the appointee really is; they like to turn to one another in a pleasant, half-conceited and very commendable way, and exclaim, "Hello! Lowell, the poet, is going to Russia." And the conceit immediately confirms the appointment as no Senate can. Popular sovereignty should be somewhat regarded; and, in regarding its opinions, justice may be done.

But for many years the Republicans in Congress have sought only political justice. Mr. Simmons was appointed Collector of the Port of Boston, not because the people wanted him, but because Mr. Butler wanted him. There was no popular, common consent towards his appointment. After a moment's inquiry the people condemned him. But the Senate, bent upon political justice, which is a very small kind of justice, to be recognized at proper times, confirmed him, thereby doing it great injury. Very different were the appointments of Caleb Cushing as Minister to Spain; of Mr. E. P. Avery as Minister to China; of Mr. Jewell as Postmaster-General. They were immediately endorsed. The Republican Party, born in a popular cradle, has so ruled that it seems generally to have sought a political grave. Perhaps it is not too late to seek popular justice, and to let political justice live on whatever it has got. There was a time when Louis XVI., standing on the portico overlooking the crowd, might have made a little concession which would have prevented the Revolution; but he made no concession, and in a little while his head rolled into the basket.

CONGRESS AND THE FINANCES?

THE business of the country ought to be let alone by its law-makers. The Constitution, as it stood before 1861, contemplated no interference with business by Congress. Those shrewd gentlemen who carried the colonies through poverty, the desolation of war, the disorders of jealous sections and the intrigues of foreign rulers, to a sure independence, knew very well that a representative body worked best when it worked least. With them the limitations of capacity, of disposition, of knowledge, of organization, of unity and energy, which unfit a legislative body for delicate duties, were perfectly understood, and they would no more have thought of trusting to Congress the exercise of the powers it has, since the outbreak of the civil war, gradually assumed, than they would have thought of going to sea in a ship navigated by a committee of the cabin passengers.

But, under the Constitution, or outside of it, circumstances have thrown into the hands of Congress the most enormous influence over the business affairs of the nation. That body, by virtue of its authority in regard to the currency, can now deal with every man's fortune as it wills, independent of anything he can do. It can raise values or depress them; stimulate speculation or fortify legitimate business; open to us the markets of the world or raise barriers between us and them; it can make utterly vain the foresight of the merchant, the caution of the banker, the thrift of the manufacturer and the painful economy of the salaried man. Would it not be just to say that no more important question can arise than what use will be made of this enormous power?

In the first place, we do not believe that Congress can inflate the currency. We do not believe it will be allowed to make any more forced loans from the people by means of Government notes stamped "money." By the grace of heaven (and Senator Jones), General Grant has in his obstinate head some few ideas in regard to that little piece of business, which go a great ways towards atoning for his sins and blunders in other directions. He has found out—what seems simple enough, and yet is an Eleusinian mystery to a great many people—that the greenbacks are promissory notes; that they are not money, but, instead, demand money to be paid to the holders of them. When he goes about to discuss the greenbacks, he does not bother about the volume of the circulating medium, or the perils of contraction, or any of the rest of the delusive gibberish with which Mr. Kelley and Mr. Butler begot their minds. He discusses the possibility of paying the debt which the greenbacks represent, and declares that there is only one way to do it—by taxation. The

President, for once, is right, and it is plain that his veto will turn its edge against any attack on the credit and prosperity of the country in the form of inflation.

But, if Congress cannot inflate, can it take any decided step towards specie payments? We doubt it. There is neither time nor disposition for such a work, nor would there be likely to be the latter even if there were the former. By the action of the House last week, General Garfield was given substantial control of business until his committee gets rid of its appropriation bills. This will take at least six weeks. There will be scarcely five weeks left, and of these, private bills and like matters will occupy a considerable portion. And, as we have said, if there were time, this Congress is in the hands of the paper-money men. It can hardly give its adhesion to anything so absurdly and extravagantly foolish as Kelly's intro-convertible bond-and-greenback scheme; but it will not, unless a great change comes over it, budge an inch towards resumption. Even if the House would, the Senate would not. Both parties are in league against legislation of this kind, and the majority of both Houses are committed by the votes of last Spring.

Yet nothing is plainer than that, sooner or later, this question of paying the legal tenders must be attended to. It is folly to put it off. We shall not be any stronger to meet it a year from now. We would do much better to face it on the threshold of a Democratic victory. But there is no hope that we shall do so. Mr. Cox, the other day, announced to an amused House, that the Democrats were going to settle the financial question when they took the reins. We hope he was right. If they really settle it, they will give us back specie as the basis of our currency, and withdraw the Government from the whole business. That is the only thing they can do that will be worth doing. But we confess that we fear that, in his jaunty and defiant announcement, Mr. Cox allowed the wish to be father to the thought.

STUDY OF AMERICA.

NO subject is more attractive to the average American reader than that of our national character; and yet no subject has been more persistently neglected by native writers. Years ago a Frenchman, De Tocqueville, gave us a great work on "Democracy in America," but the English translation has long been out of print. And Lyell's book of travels is hardly anywhere to be found. Recent English writers, like Dicey and Dixon, have confined their observations to social peculiarities like Oneida Communism, Mormonism, Shakerism and Bostonism. And, indeed, since last century, when Brissot wrote about us, it has been necessary for travelers to study us in pieces—American civilization to a foreigner not having any general characteristic like the French, the English, or the Russian, but being a sort of tame European mosaic. Even where we Americans have been looked upon as a united people we have been studied in our peculiar little habits rather than in our great characteristics. Mr. Curtis giving us a pleasant paragraph to show that our national dish is the beefsteak, another writer claiming the oyster as typical of our national appetite, and still another having faith in our ability to use the bowie-knife, hoist our feet on the mantel and spit on the sidewalk. So that we have really had nothing written about us but little notes, excepting, of course, the quite accurate guess-work of De Tocqueville. Buckle, who usually followed the idiotic opinions of Marryat, had one idea that promised to be profound, but he stole that from Lyell, who was by no means sure of it. We collected and printed Buckle's opinions a fortnight ago. In January's *Atlantic* Dr. Holmes has an article on "The Americanized European," in which, with too little philosophy and considerate kindness, he undertakes to give us some collated information about ourselves. He would have done better than he has done if he had given us still more information and had preached less.

It is rather singular that a subject so attractive and romantic as our American character, and, having so much material for its story, should so long have been neglected. We have whole libraries about the Aztecs and the Incas, and Mr. Belt has recently gone down into the Caribbean Sea with his remarkable pen to obtain the lost Atlantans. If Mr. Belt could have afforded to give his years to the study of American character he would have won greater honors. How much better pleased we should all of us have been if Mr. Hubert Bancroft had "collected" us as he has the "Native Races of the Pacific States" from his 16,000 volumes. Are we people? What sort of people are we? Are we rather children of England than Americans? Whither do we tend? What are the signs of physical politics in America? These are questions for the answering of which there are much testimony and great material. If Americans are physically declining because of climate, as the children of Spain are doing in Cuba; if the son of the rosy-cheeked, potato-fed Irishman is to become leather-faced and cadaverous on our soil, let us know it from the pen of some later Humboldt, for lack of any possible Guizot. Holmes hits the point very fairly when he says that "if we knew half as much of man on this continent as Agassiz has taught us of turtles, or his son has taught us of echino-

derms we should be most happy." There can hardly be any doubt that the European changes in our land; it is desirable to know whether we change in our own land. Dr. Holmes assures us that we are a distinct type: and we quite indorse his opinion. An American can always identify an American, not as Thackeray would by his manner of eating, but by certain masonic signs in the hair, the nose, the mouth, the shoulders, the walk; by that *tout ensemble* which the Yankee calls "the cut of his jib." To be sure, he has gone West considerably; your true Yankee boy is a Forty-niner in Frisco, and eats beans for a "bit," and no longer for a "shillin." But the type is there. It is hard to read of one of Bret Harte's heroes without thinking of Mad Anthony Wayne and Israel Putnam. And what are we all waiting for now in these undefined political times but for some one to rewrite the song of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too"? It is not human nature. It is American nature.

But, though we are a distinct race, and need no philosophy to teach us that, are we physically and socially undergoing any change? We began our national life singularly, and we have lived it singularly. We forsook English government; then modeled our Constitution after that of England; and yet we boast in our zeal that we are descendants of men who left England for Plymouth Rock, or for the James River, because they could not find it in their consciences and their hearts to live under that English Constitution. Our present is always warning against our past—perhaps for the better. Only fifteen years ago most of us decided that John Brown ought in all sense of justice to be "amenable to the laws": to-day we laud John Brown in the same breath with his captor Lee, and call some other and more magnanimous a thing than hanging by the name justice. After all, it may be the growth of justice instead of liberty which Mr. George Bancroft's successor will make the central idea of his history. Who shall say: and when will he say it?

AN ENGLISH ORATOR.

WHEN Mr. Choate sat down the other evening, after introducing to the Union League Club the Hon. William E. Forster, of England, there rose to respond to the welcome a very curious and interesting specimen of the English orator. Nothing could have presented a stronger contrast to Mr. Choate's manner than did Mr. Forster's. Mr. Choate's sentences were of even length, carefully rounded, smooth, and a trifle monotonous in delivery. His attitude was self-possessed, his face quiet, his only gesture a gentle twisting of the hands, and his voice a genuine Yankee one, with a twang and a drawl, modified, however, by the speaker's unquestioned culture. In appearance Mr. Choate is a fine representative of his class, erect, polished, carefully dressed, and in manner refined, without either elaboration or formality. Mr. Forster, on the other hand, is almost uncouth. His round head sits firmly above a tall and angular form. His beard, hair and complexion are of a reddish brown; his voice is a little rough, and his intonation dreadfully uneven—his hesitant "ah-r-h" sometimes becoming absolutely painful. When he first rose he stood with his face towards the audience, his right shoulder projected, his right hand beneath the tails of his long frock-coat, his left arm across his chest, and his left shoulder executing a series of energetic jerks and thrusts forward, as if the speaker were thereby pumping resolution and eloquence into his brain from some secret reservoir at his rear. Presently he dropped his left arm, plunged his right hand into his waistcoat, and commenced a vigorous assault upon some invisible enemy, situated, apparently, under his left arm-pit. Anything more ungraceful it would be difficult to imagine. But from the first sentence the orator held his audience—and they were a difficult audience to hold, too. As he warmed to his work he nearly lost his uncouthness, or, properly speaking, entirely lost it except at intervals. He entered completely into an *entente cordiale* with his hearers. His form became erect and easy, his gestures, though never frequent, animated, suggestive and peculiarly calculated to rivet attention. He abandoned his left shoulder pump, and forgave and forgot the fob beneath his waistcoat. And his voice, uninterrupted by the ugly grunt of hesitation, showed a capacity for full and varied modulation, and especially for the impressive expression of serious and elevated emotion, in tranquil and smooth passages, that made one wonder if the previous complex array of awkwardness were not a feint of the orator to bring out by contrast his developed powers.

Demosthenes, speaking for the light-hearted and light-headed Greeks, who deliberated in the market-place, and wedded action on the instant to their thought, declared the prime requisite of effective oratory to be action. There are countries in which the Greek master's definition holds to-day. But, for the English-speaking peoples, who read more than they listen, and who go out after a speech and talk it over and over before they do anything about its subject-matter, action in an orator is a minor requisite. It is, perhaps, in reality, not a requisite at all. Where the ancient orator aimed to produce a sudden resolution, the modern one seeks to implant the seeds of conviction, to fortify his cause with arguments that will bear examination and reflection, to

weigh in order that what he says may be weighed by his hearers and not found wanting, and to speak for the types as well as for the ear. To do this, and still to enlist immediate sympathy, is a difficult task, which comparatively a few men accomplish successfully. Mr. Forster's oratory is an admirable example of the way the Englishman goes about it. That he employs art, to some extent, we do not doubt; but he has the wit to conceal it. And, indeed, his whole system is one of careful repression, so that he gives always the effect of a reserved power—of itself an admirable thing. And in this we should say Mr. Forster might be studied by some American orators—Mr. Cox, for example—with advantage.

BAKER PASHA.

WHEN Sir Samuel Baker returned from his recent expedition to Central Africa, after having conquered the Nile Basin and annexed it to the dominions of the Khédive, he only gave to the English public the briefest possible summary of his exploits. With the instinct of a book-maker, he reserved for his forthcoming volume the detailed story of what he had accomplished as an explorer, an Egyptian Governor-General, and a crusader against the slave-trade. This course was a wise one, if he valued the sale of his book more than his personal reputation. Otherwise it was a mistake. The year that elapsed between his return and the recent publication of "Ismailia" gave his enemies, and the short-sighted, sentimental philanthropists of England, an opportunity to attack him, which has not been neglected. The impression has been sedulously diffused that Sir Samuel Baker converted an expedition ostensibly intended for the suppression of the slave-trade into a mere war of conquest, and that, instead of benefiting the natives of the Nile Basin, he slaughtered them with Snider rifles, and robbed them of their cattle and provisions. There was just enough of truth in this accusation to make it peculiarly damaging, and as there are quite a number of persons in this country who are ignorant of the noble character of the man, and accept the opinion of him expressed by his English calumniators, it is proper to display in their true light the brave and thoroughly philanthropic deeds which will make the name of Baker Pasha for ever famous as the pioneer of African freedom.

The curse of Central Africa has been the slave-trade of the White Nile, carried on by Turkish slave hunters with the assistance of the native tribes. The Khédive of Egypt, in order to strengthen his claim on English friendship, determined to put an end to this traffic, and, for that purpose, engaged the services of Sir Samuel Baker as commander of an Egyptian expedition which should substitute legitimate trade in the place of slave-hunting.

Baker was to be provided with a fleet of nine steamers and fifty-five sail, and an army of 1,650 men. With this force he was to ascend the White Nile, compel the slave-traders to abandon their trade, and extend to the wild tribes of the interior the benefits of a firm and enlightened government.

He was to establish military posts three days distant from one another, at which merchandise could be received and exchanged, and by means of which uninterrupted communication could be kept up between the steamers on the Nile and the steamers which Baker was to carry with him in sections and launch on the Albert-Nyanza. Had the Khédive and his subordinates kept their part of the agreement, there is not a shadow of doubt that Baker would have performed his work without bloodshed, and would have finished the beneficent revolution in the social condition of the Central African tribes which he did succeed in beginning.

He was, however, neglected by the Khédive and thwarted by the Egyptian officials; and the results, which a part of the British press pretends to deplore, necessarily followed.

When Baker, accompanied by his heroic wife, reached Khartoum, at the junction of the White and Blue Niles, from which the expedition was to start, he found but two steamers, instead of nine; but thirty-one sailing vessels, instead of fifty-five, and but about 1,200 men—one-half of those being convicted felons. Worse than all, no canals had been provided, and thus the chances of being able to transport his steamers overland from Gondokoro to the Albert Lake were rendered extremely doubtful. Nevertheless, he had no choice but to start with this crippled force, or to abandon the expedition. He started, and owing to the choked-up condition of the Nile, which was obstructed by floating vegetation, was delayed for many months, and only reached Gondokoro, in latitude 4 deg. 56 min. N., after a voyage of fourteen months, and after overcoming incredible difficulties.

Here he formed a permanent camp, in order to wait until he could obtain native carriers to transport his steamers and merchandise to the lake. The Bari tribe, which claimed to own the country, at the instigation of the slave-traders, refused to sell him cattle or corn, although he protected their cattle from their enemies, of another tribe. There was a deliberate attempt to starve him out, and to wear out his troops by incessant night attacks upon their camp. Baker, with marvelous patience, tried to secure the good-will of these savages. He had already disciplined

his motley army, so that not an act of theft was committed by his troops. But the Bari would not sell him a grain of corn or a single pound of beef. So, after waiting till his men were growing mutinous on half-rations, he took corn by force, and at the same time thrashed the natives into abstaining from the sport of shooting his soldiers at night.

This is the first grave charge which is made against Baker, and so thoroughly has he justified himself, that it is difficult to see how any honest man can continue to repeat it. The next charge is that he made war against the people of Uyoro. Baker had reached this country—where he saw the distant waters of the Albert Lake—with a handful of men, with the hope of inducing the natives to engage in legitimate trade. He had long since abandoned all hopes of bringing his steamers to the lake—the means of transport being wanting. He broke up the slave-trade in Uyoro, as elsewhere on his line of march. He returned thousands of captured slaves to their homes. He tried to instruct the people in agriculture and to assure them that the day of peaceful trade had arrived. But they refused to give him food. They poisoned his men, and made attacks upon him in overwhelming numbers. The alternative was given him either to fight them or be massacred with his whole party. He naturally fought, and in order to make his victory a substantial one, deposed the treacherous king, and put a comparatively honest man in his place.

That these wars resulted in bloodshed is true, but the object of the expedition—the suppression of the slave-trade and the civilization of Africa—could be carried out in no other way. Baker's conduct throughout was wise, humane, and infinitely patient. To pretend that because a few hundred natives were killed, it would have been better that the expedition should never have started, and the slave-trade should have continued, is an argument unworthy of a child.

Though baffled in a hundred ways, Baker nevertheless broke up the White Nile slave-trade, and prepared the way by which his successor, Colonel Gordon, now in Africa, can carry out the noble purpose with which the expedition started. He has thus accomplished a work of infinite importance to Africa and the world. For a professed philanthropist to assail him because his task necessitated fighting is as preposterous as it would be for an Abolitionist to charge the Union Party with having sullied the work of emancipation by bloodshed. Baker is one of the few really heroic figures of the century, and his conquest of Central Africa will give him a place beside the men whom the world agrees to honor as its greatest benefactors.

EDITORIAL TOPICS.

JOHN JOURDAN died of a broken heart, because he could not find Nathan's murderer!

ENGLISH LIBERALS want Mr. Gladstone back at their head, as a critic, but they do not wish to return immediately to office.

BRYANT AND GAY'S "History of the United States" is being prepared for the early publication of the first volume. It begins with the discoveries.

CHARLES O'CONOR would make a great United States Senator, if the city-end of New York is to have the position. Democracy would gain an hundred-fold by his election.

AS BETWEEN MR. DAWES AND JUDGE HOAR, of Massachusetts, the Springfield *Republican* thinks that while Judge Hoar is the greater scholar, Mr. Dawes is the more practical and outspoken politician.

CONGRESSMEN should not attempt to revive the franking privilege. It was a good privilege, but it was abused. Besides, the newspapers are opposed to the revival. And what a time the Democrats will have without it!

SENATOR CARPENTER is almost certain to be returned by the Wisconsin Legislature. If there is a split, some woodenhead may be elected; and Washington is full enough of woodenheads. Senator Carpenter is, up top, a statesman, and if he were not also a jolly good fellow, Washington and the newspapers would be awful dull.

FRANCIS C. KERNAN, who will undoubtedly be the Democratic Senator from New York, will do his State a great deal of honor. He is a Conservative, an upright lawyer, an ardent advocate, and a devotee of the cause of popular education. The Democrats who sink the idea of "the best man" in a struggle for State-end honors are doing unwisely.

PROFESSOR HAYDEN should have the \$100,000 appropriation which he asks from Congress for the prosecution of his work of exploration in the Territories. Professor Hayden, in becoming the scientific pioneer of civilization, confers a great benefit upon his country. He is no romancist, although he is an enthusiast in the pursuit of his profession. His work should be encouraged.

CONGRESSMAN PAGE, of California, is pressing action upon Congress concerning General Grant's suggestion that the importation of Chinese women of a certain character into San Francisco be stopped at once. This is a very praiseworthy action on the part of Congressman Page; but no Eastern member had the courage to take any such course when the late Jim Fish was importing women of just as certain a character, who were not almond-eyed Celestials. But then the Pacific Slope is moral.

CHARLEY ROSS might have been restored to his afflicted parents long ago if \$20,000 had been paid to his abductors. For the poor little boy's sake, not for the thieves' sake, he ought to have been recovered. He was undoubtedly worth that sum to society. After he had been taken possession of, it would

have been the duty of the boy's friends and of society to get hold of the thieves, even if it took twenty years of hunting for them. The boy first; revenge afterwards. Is it too late to get the boy at any price?

SAN FRANCISCO has a new excitement. The "California" and the "Consolidated Virginia" silver mines have struck a lead which will yield hundreds of millions of money. The leading men in the ventures are Senator John P. Jones and anti-Senator Sharon, both of Nevada, wherein the mines are situated. Of course, there are unimportant persons who have made trifling sums, like a million or so apiece. The newspapers are fiercely engaged in the excitement, the *Bulletin* and *Call* bearing the movement, and the *Chronicle* bulling it.

RUSSIA invites other European nations to give their opinions concerning propositions made at the late Brussels Congress. The invitation does not meet with a ready response. The *Saturday Review* says that the Liberal Party of the present day sometimes inclines to the error of exaggerating the obligations of neutrals and the rights of belligerents, but the painful experience acquired at Washington and Geneva has convinced prudent politicians of the risk of altering international law. Lord Derby's caution in meeting the Russian proposals is at the same time judicious and bold, nor will an immediate repetition of the attempt tend to allay his distrust.

MAJOR SCHEIBERT, a German officer, who was engaged on the side of the Confederacy during the Rebellion, has written a military history of that affair, and has published it at Berlin. In the first place, the Major considers General Lee a hero, and in Germany and in England, and perhaps in three-quarters of America, his estimate will be appreciated. About the Southern cavalry, the Major discovered a spirit of chivalry which always animated that body of arms. From the nature of our country, it seems that raids were a consequence of inability to fight according to the tactics. In the Confederate army everybody acted on his own hook, from Stuart down to the smallest quartermaster. On the whole, however, from what little we can learn of it, the German book does not add much to our store of military knowledge.

KATIE KING turns out to be a beautiful deceiver, and spiritualism goes back into the dark regions whence it came. For it Katie is a fraud, what must the less palpable and less beautiful ghosts be? There is one singular phase of this latest deception. The acute minds were unable to detect it: it was left for Katie to make her own confession. We are very sorry for Robert Dale Owen, whose pathetic indorsement of Katie will be read in the *Atlantic* for days to come, and it is just a little funny to hear the good old gentleman tell how he was kissed by this boarding-house girl, as he called her "dear Katie." Still, there is this consolation, that it may be just a little more pleasant to kiss a real live girl than to taste the clammy sweets of a ghost. Though Katie was really detected by her bad breath, the kissing could not have been very ethereal.

COLONEL FRED. GRANT having been detailed by his father, the President, to assist Secretary Fish in receiving King Kalakaua at the door of the White House, the newspapers deem the act as one having effect upon Cesarism. No doubt the President did make his son a "personal representative," but the Cesar idea is absurd. The act was one of thoughtlessness, or of caprice, or of stubbornness, and in any case it was not in good taste. But Secretary Fish is supposed to know all about matters of fine diplomatic taste, and far from refusing to make the spectacle to the world, he either reduced himself from his official to a personal position, or aided Colonel Grant to assume a high official king-receiving position. This was not a kingly visit to the hero of Appomattox, but to the President of the United States. There is a good deal of poppycock criticism of the President, but not this time.

THE REPUBLIC which died last week was a fair newspaper, rather sappily written, and it was the personal enterprise of Mr. Caleb Norvell. The politicians of the Administration did not support it, and they were in no wise responsible for it, unless, indeed, they gave Mr. Norvell the assurance that it would be a great success. What Mr. Norvell needed more than anything else was somebody frankly to tell him that, while he was a good financial writer, he could not begin at fifty-five years of age or more to learn how to make a newspaper. But even if he had been a practical journalist and a good political writer, the *Republic* could not have succeeded. It had no business. It could not easily obtain circulation. The sentiment of the Republican Party, if there be any sentiment or any party, did not rally to the support of its organ. The failure of the *Republic* teaches us two things, the precariousness of newspaper adventures and the worthlessness of organs. But, then, there are no organs.

THE QUESTION OF IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT, to which we alluded two weeks ago, is attracting very general attention. England has stricken from her statutes many provisions adverse to the debtor, and it is asserted that not one of the Southern States has upon its books any clauses that would consign a man to prison for the sole crime of inability to pay a debt. The Prison Commissioners of Massachusetts do not permit the debtor to read a newspaper, or walk in the jail-yard. He is obliged to eat, sleep and work the same as the advanced malefactor. The only difference in his favor is that, if he will pay, he will be provided with food from the Warden's table. But being deprived of the opportunity of earning money because he at one time had none with which to pay a debt, how can he secure even this kindness? In the Ludlow Street Jail, of New York, a debtor can live like a prince if he can only pay; but the majority there confined have not even the means of bringing their cases to the knowledge of the Courts, and must linger on until they die, or the hearts of the creditors soften. No subject deserves a more thorough investigation by prison-reformers than this.

WHITE LAW REID, following in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor, has learned much concerning the humanities since he came to New York City; and his style, which in fashionable Washington was fastidiously studied, has taken on a hearty and cant-hating flavor. So that his speech before the School-teachers' Association, on Saturday evening, was a sound, honest talk with his fellow-men (for he, too, is a teacher), rather than a bombastic oration. He does not want the teachers' salaries to be lower than those of hod carriers, though he by no means approves of cutting down hod-carriers' pay. But what we most commend in Mr. Reid's colloquy is, that while he wants the teachers' salaries to be equal to their exalted and responsible positions, he strenuously insists that the quality of the teachers shall be equal to both salaries and positions. The lesson is this: Keep up the salaries, but keep up the teachers. There can be no doubt of the desirability of offsetting compulsory education among children with compulsory fitness among teachers and school commissioners. There have been occasions when brutal and sensual politicians sought positions on School Boards because they offered opportunities for blackmailing poor candidates for teachers' positions into the surrender of great gifts.

COLONEL JAMES R. YOUNG, Executive Clerk of the United States Senate, has written a new poem in which he says:

"Again that voice fell on my ear,"—
"There was a silence on my ear,"—
"They fell and died upon my ear,"—
"The echo died upon my ear."

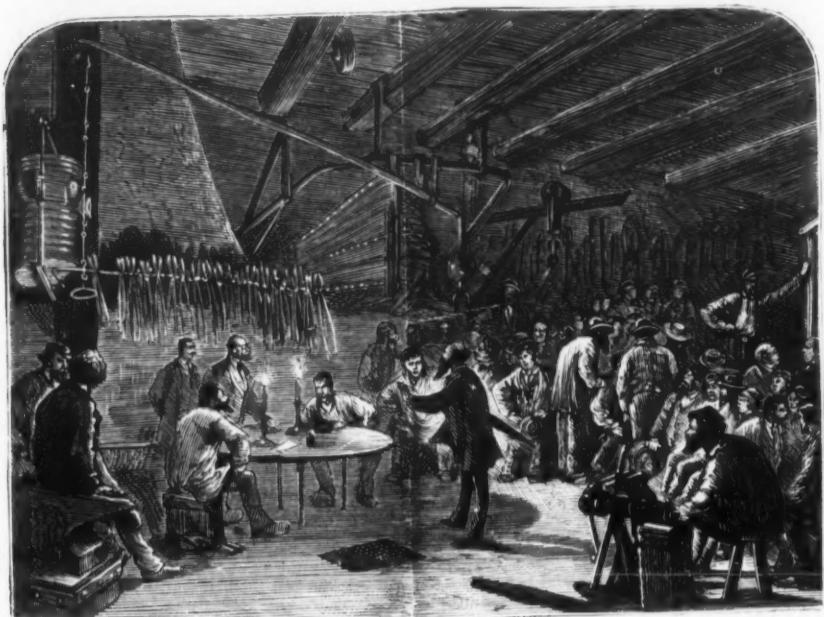
We advise the poet to cut his ear up into small pieces and sell them to the War Department for army blankets.

CHARLES READE is said to have received from the *Tribune* \$1,000 for his story of "A Hero and Martyr."

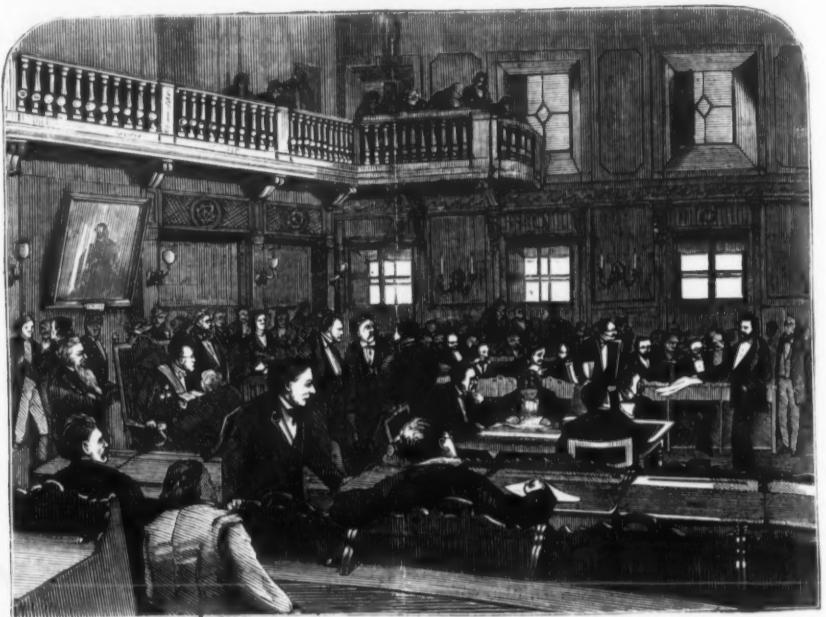
RECEPTION AT MADAME MEARS'S.—On Friday evening one of the most interesting reunions of the season took place at Madame C. Mears's, 222 Madison Avenue. Madame Mears is always ready to contribute to the improvement of her pupils and the enjoyment of her friends. A very brilliant assembly of the élite of this city filled her parlors. The costumes were magnificent. The pupils acquitted themselves with great credit. A scene from "King Lear" was perfectly rendered, and followed by a representation in French, which was very refined, and in which the young acquitted themselves admirably. The subject was, both in pronunciation and elocution, novel and delicate. Madame Mears, and the ladies who assisted her, deserve much commendation. The music, both vocal and instrumental, was of the highest order, and evidenced careful training. We have never passed a more enjoyable evening, and heartily recommend Mme. Mears's institution to our friends.

ON THURSDAY, December 17th, the magnificent new building erected by the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Company, at 44 Fourteenth Street, Union Square, was thrown open for the inspection of the public. The new building is six stories high, with a front of forty-six feet, and extends back over two hundred feet to Thirteenth Street. The front is a pale Indiana stone, with trimmings of blue Rochester stone, and has a very pleasing effect. A balcony at the second story, and clusters of composite columns beneath, afford a fine relief to the height of the building. The effect of the heavy plate-glass and walnut of the show-window and doors is superb. Upon entering, the eye sweeps a magnificent vista, comprising the offices, sales and instruction-rooms, over 200 feet deep, well lighted, richly and tastefully decorated and furnished, elegant detail, and harmonious ensemble. The broad ceiling, 46 feet wide and 20 high, is supported by a row of graceful Corinthian columns, tinted in pearl white, with elaborate capitals, glittering in red and gold. The frescoing of the ceiling is in delicate French gray, and walls are of arched panels of lavender, bordered by narrow lines of violet and scarlet. Between the panels are broad pilasters, the capitals traced with a Grecian border in white upon dark blue. Sixteen massive chandeliers, of twenty-four burners each, depend from central clusters of snowy leaves veined with gold—these resting upon a roseate background, outlined with cords of blue, gray and gold. Over the middle of the room are two spacious arched skylights, with panes of frosted glass in delicate snowdrop patterns. These apertures are bordered by two shades of blue, with the Company's monogram wrought in white and gilt upon a walnut tablet. A low screen of mirrors and figured glass, framed in black walnut, separates the rear of the floor from the salesroom, for an instruction-room. A superb Elizabethan walnut stairway leads by three easy flights to the upper rooms. The second floor is occupied by two large private offices, conveniently arranged and tastefully decorated and furnished, that look out upon Union Square. Further back is another instruction-room, spacious and lighted, and elegantly furnished and decorated. The upper stories on Fourteenth Street are to be utilized for the general business. The three stories on Thirteenth Street are used for repairing and adjusting machines, and for the storage of parts, supplies, etc. The immense basement is fitted for packing and shipping machines. Under the Thirteenth Street sidewalk is the steam boiler for heating and hoisting. This beautiful temple of industry will no doubt be a favorite resort during the holidays. The building itself is worthy of a visit, as a monument of business enterprise and an elegant specimen of tasteful architecture, and the display of the various styles of sewing-machines is very attractive. All styles of machines, from the plain ones within the means of the poor sewing-girl to those richly and elaborately incised, fit to adorn the most magnificently furnished parlor or boudoir. Some are highly ornamented. Rich and tasteful woods—rosewood, walnut, mahogany—carved, paneled, molded, pearlized, plated or gilded, make up some of the beautiful specimens here displayed.

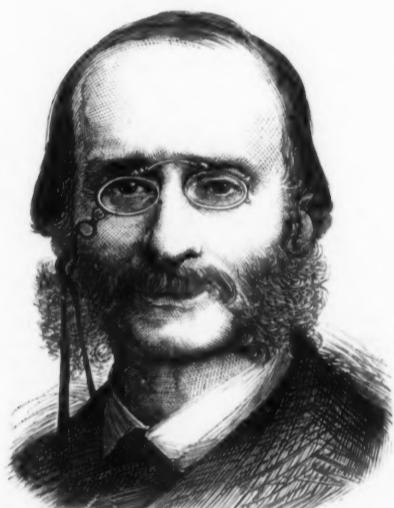
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See Page 279.



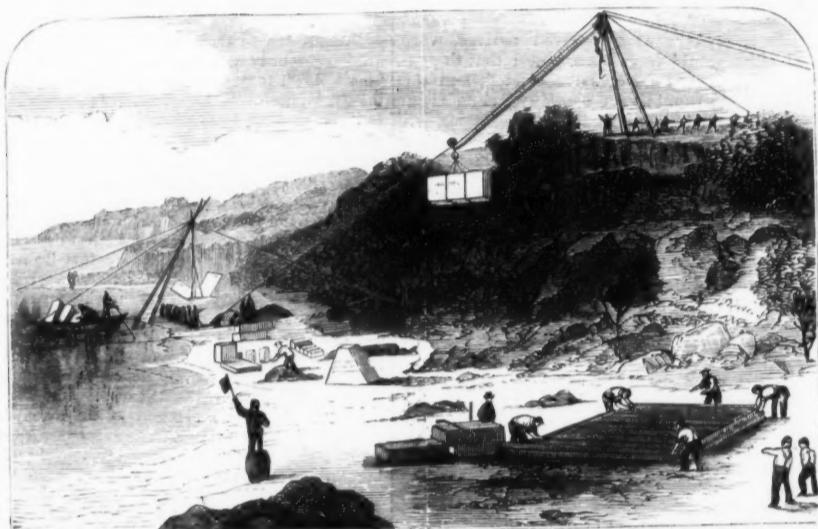
FRANCE.—ELECTION MEETING IN A SUBURB OF PARIS.



SWEDEN.—THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.



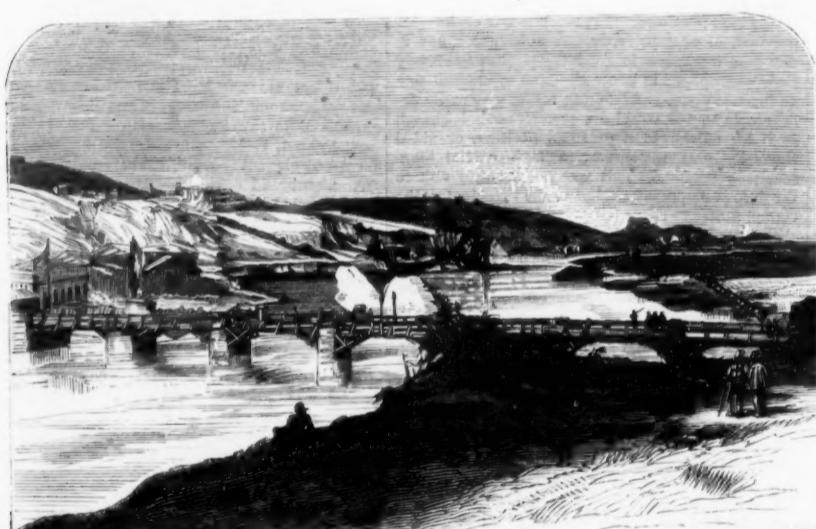
M. JACQUES OFFENBACH, COMPOSER OF OPERA BOUFFE.



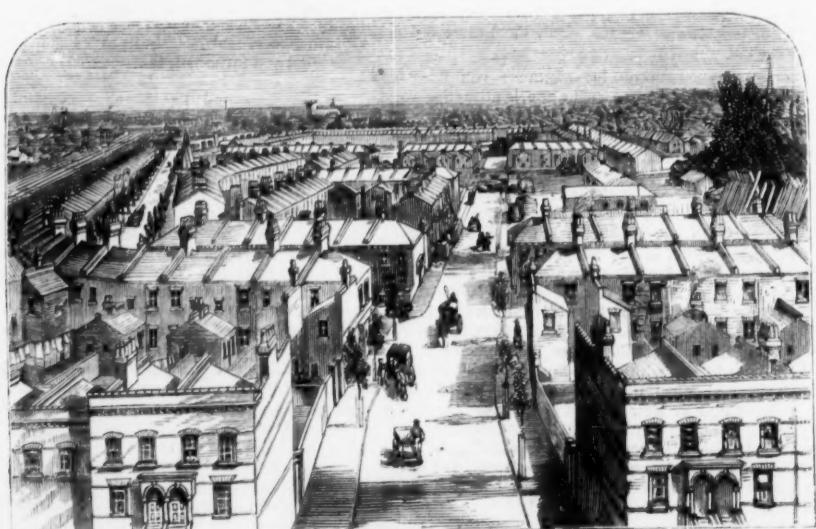
AFRICA.—TRANSIT OF VENUS EXPEDITION—LANDING THE TRANSIT STONE.



M. F. R. HERVÉ, COMPOSER OF OPERA BOUFFE.



SPAIN.—CIVIL WAR—REPUBLICANS ON THE BRIDGE OF BÉHÔBRÉ FIRING ON A CARLIST POSITION.



ENGLAND.—WORKMEN'S DWELLINGS—THE SHAFTESBURY PARK ESTATE.



BELGIUM.—LOUISE LATEAU (WITH HER SISTER), WHO BEARS FAC-SIMILES OF CHRIST'S WOUNDS.

THE CAR-DRIVER'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.

CHRISTMAS is a day of joy; the holiday season is one of festivity. The merry bells that swing in lofty steeples and ring in the blessed morn have a more mellow sound than usual, as if they had caught up the chorus that swelled about the Bethlehem hills that time the wise men wandered to where the star, blazing above the humble stable, pointed with its fire-tipped finger to the birthplace of the Saviour of the world. It follows, then, that when we think of Christmas we think also of smiles, of laughter, of good cheer, of blazing yule-logs, steaming punch, and the concomitants of social carnival. But it is not always so. The sunshine of the day is backed by shadows. There are scenes painted in gray, let in among the roseate tints. One of these we illustrate. The car-driver eating his Christmas dinner, while on duty, from a pail slung to his brake, a blinding snow-storm beating in his face, is a pathetic picture, as it is accurate. These men have no holiday. The chimneys swelling up above, where the snowflakes whirl about the spire, are a mockery to them. Their Christmas chime is the sharp clang of the car-bell; their holiday a weary one of many trips; their dinner as we see it. Let those who contemplate the traditional good cheer on Friday think of this, and "over the walnuts and the wine" be thankful for the blessings they have received.

A SEQUEL TO THE CHARLEY ROSS MYSTERY.

EARLY on the morning of December 14th an attempt was made to rob the residence of Judge Van Brunt, of the Supreme Court of New York, at Bay Ridge, L. I. Before closing the house for the winter a burglar-alarm apparatus was connected with the windows and doors of the dwelling to the adjoining residence of Mr. J. Holmes Van Brunt, a brother of the Judge, so that any tampering with them would cause the fact to be instantly known.

At about two o'clock on the morning mentioned the alarm was sounded, and Mr. Albert Van Brunt arming himself, called up William Scott, the Judge's gardener, and went to the house. Lights were seen in two places, and young Van Brunt knowing there must be at least two burglars in the building, Herman Frank, a hired man, was called out, and

the party posted in safe places about the house. Albert then reported to his father, who arose from a sick-bed, and joined the force. The burglars were seen to pass from a pantry

and immediately they fired upon the outside party. This was followed by shots from the Van Brunts, and then a running fire was kept up until one of the burglars fell dead, and the other was so thoroughly perforated with bullets that he lived but a short time. The discovery was then made, by a confession on the part of Joseph Douglass, that himself and his associate, whom he called William Mosier, were the abductors of Charley Ross from German-

town last summer. When pressed for a further explanation, Douglass said that Mosier knew all about it, and on being informed that his comrade was killed outright, he added, "Inspector Walling knows, and the boy will get home all right." In the darkness and storm, lying upon the wet ground, unable to drink the liquor he craved, and surrounded by the Van Brunt party and such of the neighbors as were attracted by the firing, Douglass bled to death

without giving any particulars of the abduction.

The burglars corresponded in personal appearance with the kidnappers, and when the intelligence of the killing was telegraphed to New York, the answer stated that the deceased were the abductors, and had been sought after by the police ever since the occurrence. Subsequently they were recognized as dock thieves, and the police authorities were positive in their identification. Walter Ross, the brother of Charley, who was abandoned by the abductors, said, when looking on the body of Mosier at the Morgue in Brooklyn: "That is one of the men; I can tell him by his nose. He took my brother Charley, and lifted him into the carriage; and the other man," pointing to Douglass, "got out and bought me some candy."

Two women, claiming to be the wives of the dead burglars, asked the Coroner for the remains, at the close of the inquest; but he refused to treat with them until they brought proofs of their marriage. The jury, after an examination of the surviving participants, rendered a verdict in accordance with the facts, and stated the killing to have been perfectly justifiable. The police of New York and Philadelphia are working up old and new clues in the hope of finding the missing boy; but at the time this paper went to press nothing had been ascertained concerning his whereabouts.

THE CENTENNIAL TEA PARTY IN THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.

THE centennial anniversary of the destruction of tea in Boston Harbor was celebrated by a grand tea party in the Rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, on Wednesday, December 16th. At the last session of Congress a joint resolution of both Houses was passed giving to the Centennial Tea Party Association the use of the Rotunda for this occasion. The novelty of such an assemblage in the Government buildings, as well as the praiseworthy object to which the proceeds of the entertainment were to be devoted, and the social standing of the ladies interested in the enterprise, made it a noted event in Washington. The original architects of the Capitol designed the Rotunda for public ceremonials, but with the exception of an exhibition of American manufactures held in it when John Quincy Adams was President, it has only been used as a thoroughfare between the two

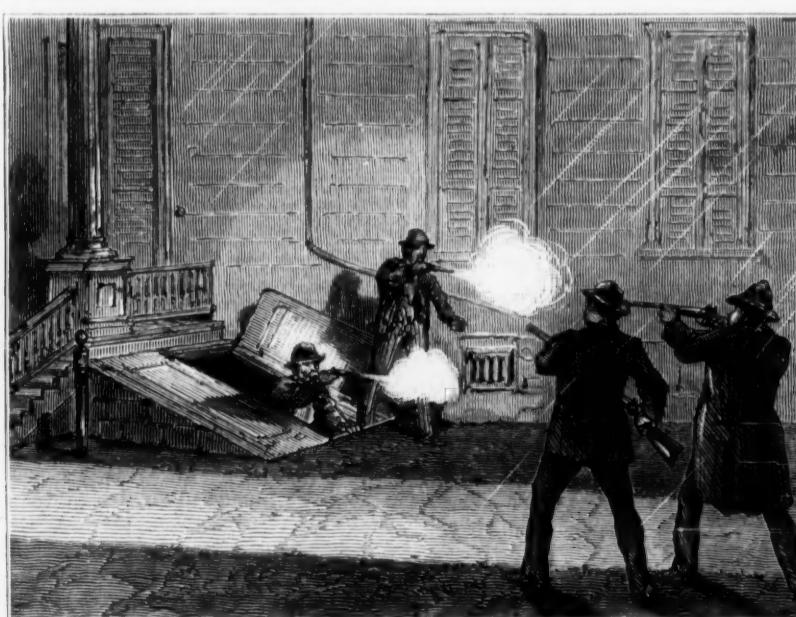
Houses, and as a place where the remains of deceased Presidents and statesmen have lain in state. On Wednesday evening it was tastefully decorated. A canopy of flags reached from the



THE CAR-DRIVER'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.



WILLIAM MOSIER, ABDUCTOR OF CHARLEY ROSS, KILLED WHILE COMMITTING A BURGLARY AT BAY RIDGE, L. I.



THE CELLAR-DOOR OF JUDGE VAN BRUNT'S HOUSE, WHERE THE BURGLARS WERE FIRST FIRED UPON.



JOSEPH DOUGLASS, ABDUCTOR OF CHARLEY ROSS, KILLED WHILE COMMITTING A BURGLARY AT BAY RIDGE, L. I.

into the dining-room. Frank made an attempt to break in the back door, when the burglars, becoming alarmed, extinguished the light, and were heard ascending the cellar-steps. Suddenly the door of the cellar was opened and a man's head appeared; a moment later a second one was seen. Mr. Van Brunt called upon the men to stand

dome, 180 feet above the paved floor, down to the series of historical pictures that adorn the walls. In mid air floated the large American flag, made of California silk, which was displayed at the Vienna Exposition. Around the Rotunda was a circle of tables, above which were floating small banners, displaying the armorial bearings of the original

thirteen States, and small silk flags with the names of all the States and Territories decorated the walls. At the eastern side was a rural temple, where the fruit, flowers and wines of America were for sale. On a platform erected over the door leading to the Hall of Representatives a miniature ship was placed. Small boys in full sailor costume manned the ship and sold packages of tea. Over the door leading to the Senate Chamber was placed a bell of the same size as the old Independence Bell which proclaimed liberty throughout the land. Over the west door was a large American eagle decorated with two banners, one bearing the inscription, "1776" and the other "1874." The ladies in attendance at the tables wore mob caps, white neckerchiefs and dainty white aprons, and dispensed tea, at one dollar a cup, the purchaser retaining the cup and saucer, made for the occasion with suitable devices.

Our Hawaiian visitors, many members of the Cabinet, distinguished members of Congress, Army and Navy officers, and the *elite* of Washington society, were present. The entertainment was a grand success and realized a handsome sum for the Centennial Fund.

THE WINTER OF THE HEART.

BY
AZALAI DE PORCAIRAGUES.

"The first lady Trombouour mentioned by Provençal historians." —*La Curie de Ste. Palaye.*

I LOVE the sombre wintry days,
When Nature, in her chastened mood,
Of my poor stricken heart displays
The orphanhood.

I loved, and now, alas! I live
To find love's troth more empty words;
Fools that we are our hearts to give
To high born lords!

They only meet with high disdain
Who love for gold, and pomp, and state;
Well saith the proverb, "Naught one gains
From those called great."

Yet Heaven compensates my woe
With one true-hearted humble friend.
Let others fail; his love, I know,
Will never end.

* * * * *
Go, then, my song, this Winter day,
When all around is cold and drear;
The gloom and shadows flee away
When he is near!

AT THE Sign of the Silver Flagon

B. L. FAR JEON,
Author of "Sarf," "Blade o' Grass," "Jessie Fynn,"
"Golden Grav," etc.

PART THE THIRD.

THE DINNER OF THIRTEEN.

IV.

MARGARET'S TRIUMPH.

A DEAD silence reigned for many moments after the appearance of the last comer. All eyes were turned upon him in anger and displeasure, but he did not raise his face to meet their gaze. It was a cruel face, with hard lines in it, a face which ordinarily was devoid of any expression of kindness; but although sternness was native to it, irresolution and some signs of remorse were visible on this occasion. That he heard no word of welcome was evidently—if he might judge from appearances—distressing to him, and he sat in silence, with hands tightly clinched beneath the table.

It was now ten o'clock, and the moon was at its full. The curtains of the window had been drawn aside by one of the guests, and the light of a lovely moon added to the beauty and peacefulness of the night. The landlord of The Silver Flagon regarded the guests watchfully and warily, and with uneasiness; but his attention was principally directed to Mr. Richard Weston. The old gentleman's face was flushed with wine and excitement; after his first feelings of fear and dismay at the appearance of these unexpected visitors, he had striven hard to nerve himself so that he might play his part in this strange scene in a befitting manner; that his nerves, however, were highly strung was proven by an occasional convulsive twining of his fingers, and by his placing his hands before his eyes for a few seconds and then removing them, as though to prove to the evidence of his senses that he was not dreaming. Dinah Dim, who sat next to him, was also very attentive in her observance of him, and now and again placed her hand on his and took away the wine-cup which he would have raised to his lips.

She was the first to speak. "The presence of this man," she cried, in an agitated tone, "is contamination. Why is he here on this last night of our ever meeting?"

Stephen Viner, with his eyes fixed still upon the table, seemed to wait in expectation of some other person speaking. As no one answered Dinah Dim's question, he did so.

"I was constrained to come," he said. "For what reason?" she retorted. "For your own pleasure, or ours? Friends, I appeal to you: did this man's presence ever bring one smile to our lips, or engender one kindly thought or feeling?"

"Never!" answered Reuben Thorne; and, "Never!" answered the others.

"His life was a curse to himself and to those whom a sad fortune placed in his power. I ask again, why is he here?"

"Your words are harsh," said Stephen Viner, raising his hand as if for mercy; "your tone is pitiless."

Dinah Dim laughed scornfully. "This man talks of pity," she exclaimed, "in whose cruel breast no spark of it ever dwelt. A pretty preacher, truly!"

"I have told you," he said, in a low tone, "that I was constrained to come to-night. Say that I am here for judgment."

"What kind of judgment?" demanded Dinah Dim. "can you expect from us who know you? Has not your own heart punished you sufficiently?"

"It has," he replied, placing his hand to his breast, with a gasp of passion. "Can I not make atonement?"

"What atonement, after all these years?"

"I can ask their forgiveness; I can tell them, as I tell you, that I repent of my cruelty, and that, if the years could roll back—alas for me that they cannot!—I would act differently."

"See you now, my children," said Dinah Dim,

rising—"see you now, Richard Weston, who has tasted the priceless blessing of pure, devoted love—this man, who deliberately destroyed the happiness of two young lovers, comes before us when it is too late, and repents when it is too late. A pretty atonement, truly, is this that he proposes to make, by asking the forgiveness of two innocent young creatures whom he drove to their death, and whose only crime was that they loved. What judgment should we pass upon him—what judgment does he deserve? As you sow, you shall reap. Let this man reap as he has sown. Would any one here hold out to him the hand of friendship?"

"Not one," answered Reuben Thorne; and every person present echoed his words. Even Mr. Weston, towards whom Dinah Dim looked for assent, felt compelled to say, "Not one."

"Shall the curse of money—" proceeded Dinah Dim, "for ever outmoney—love—that humanizes the world? The man who for money's sake deliberately drags two living souls asunder—the man who for money's sake deliberately poisons the lives of two young creatures whose hearts are drawn together by the holiest sentiment which sweetens life—brings desolation upon his soul here and hereafter. Who amongst us has done this?"

"Stephen Viner!" said Reuben Thorne, and again they all echoed his words. All but Mr. Weston, over whose face a convulsive shudder passed. Dinah Dim looked at him for a moment, and, observing his agitation, did not press him to join in the general condemnation.

"Let Stephen Viner, then," said Dinah Dim, sternly, "go from amongst us. His presence brings shame upon us."

The man thus judged and condemned gazed appealingly around; but saw no pitying sign as he rose to go. Dinah Dim held up a warning hand, and Michael Lee's voice was heard for the last time:

"Caroline Miller, Edward Blair."

The lover entered, side by side. Rachel Holmes moved from her place, and passed her arm around the waist of the young girl, who seemed to need support. They approached with slow and hesitating steps, and Mr. Weston turned towards them; but he did not see their faces. The excitement of the scene had completely overwhelmed him, and, with a wild motion of his hands, he sank to the ground in a state of insensibility.

When he recovered, he was lying on the ground, and Gideon Rowe was kneeling by his side. Uncertain whether he was awake or asleep, he closed his eyes, and seemed to fall naturally into a quiet dream—but a dream in which he was conscious of—though not actually interested in—all that passed around him. It was as he lay thus, with his eyes closed, that he felt the influence of a womanly presence, in soft touches, and murmured words, and a tenderness of action not to be expressed. Opening his eyes, he saw no woman, but only his friend, Gideon Rowe, the landlord of The Silver Flagon, by his side.

"That is well, that is well," said Gideon Rowe, gently. "You feel better now."

Mr. Weston held his hand to his eyes for a little while before he spoke. "I do not feel ill. Why am I here? What has occurred? Ah!" he cried, with a shudder, as his eyes fell upon the folding-windows of the room. "I remember now. Are they still there?"

"They! Who?"

"They! Who!" echoed Mr. Weston, wonderingly and weakly. "Can you ask—you were by my side."

"Come, come," said Gideon Rowe, in a soothing tone, "you must not distress yourself with fancies. Why do you look so strangely towards the room? No person is in it. You were overcome, and you fainted. But you are strong now. Come, let us see if you can walk a bit. That's right; that's right. He assisted Mr. Weston to rise, and they paced the veranda slowly, Gideon Rowe purposefully pausing by the window, to give Mr. Weston assurance, and to dispel his fears. "Will you go in?"

"No, no!" cried Mr. Weston: "we will sit here; the night is very beautiful. Do you believe in omens?"

"No."

"Has any serious one ever occurred to you?"

"None, in my remembrance."

"Were you not telling me of poor Philip's death some time to-night?"

"Yes," replied Gideon Rowe, with a heavy sigh.

"How did he die? What was the cause of his death?"

"Poor lad! he died by fire. It is a dreadful story." The father's voice was shaken by grief.

"If it will not distress you too much to tell me," said Mr. Weston, taking Gideon Rowe's hand, "I should like to hear more about him. Do not think me unkind, but I am in a strange mood. I feel like a child. What o'clock is it?"

"Past midnight."

"About Philip, now; indulge me. I loved the boy myself."

Your Gerald loved him; they were true friends. Had Philip lived they would have found much joy in their friendship; but fate willed it otherwise. Poor Philip died on the goldfields in Australia—but I promised that you should hear the story from the lips of his widow. Will you see her? She is very near."

"I fancied just now when I awoke that a woman was near me."

"It was Margaret."

"Margaret!" echoed Mr. Weston. The name brought with it reproachful remembrances.

"That is the name of the girl Philip married."

"Yes, I will see her. One moment; I must not miss saying what was in my mind. I was speaking of omens. You had no foreshadowing of Philip's death?"

"None: the poor lad was dead many months before I heard the news."

"But omens come occasionally to some persons."

"I have read and heard so."

"Gideon, one has come to me; it may foreshadow my death. I have seen the dead."

Gideon Rowe made no comment on this, but went to the end of the veranda and called, "Margaret."

Margaret—our Margaret—herself appeared, simply dressed. She approached Mr. Weston with a gently serious expression on her beautiful face.

"It is you!" he exclaimed, gazing at her in wonder.

"Yes," she said; "poor Philip was my husband."

"Why did you not tell me this before, Margaret?"

"I had my reasons. Perhaps I was not sure whether I could trust you."

"Margaret," interposed Gideon Rowe. "Mr. Weston wishes to hear the particulars of our poor boy's death; I promised that you should tell him."

Margaret turned her head; her lips trembled; tears rushed to her eyes.

"Nay, nay," said Mr. Weston, with ready sympathy; he was much softened during the last few hours. "Another time. It will pain her too much."

But Margaret had a purpose in telling the story, and she related the particulars of Philip's death in simple language and in feeling tones. She felt every word she spoke; she was not acting now,

and natural paths it was that drew tears from Mr. Weston.

"I saw my devoted darling in the flames," said Margaret, between her sobs, "looking for me with blind eyes. I tried to get to him; but they held their arms round me, and I could not escape from them. But there was one—ah, there was one—who, seeing my despair and Philip's peril, rushed into the flames to save his friend. Too late, alas! he dragged my darling out of the burning house, but could not save his life; yet he gave my Philip to me for a few blessed hours." Overcome by her emotion, Margaret paused.

"A noble action!" said Mr. Weston, softly. "A noble man!"

Margaret nervously herself to proceed. "His end I nursed Philip, and watched the life die out of him. Every word my darling uttered is graven on my heart. 'Dear old fellow!' he said, with feeble gasps, to this dearest of friends. 'Noble old fellow! God bless Margaret and you!'"

"Indeed, indeed," said Mr. Weston, "a blessing should fall upon such a man!"

"Take care of Margaret," whispered my Philip; "be a father to her. Dear old dad! I hoped to see you, and show you my darling. But he will bring her to you. He uttered but few words after that," continued Margaret, who, standing now between Mr. Weston and Philip's father, held a hand of each: "but they all referred to his noble friend and to me, and you, sir" (to Gideon Rowe), "whom he loved most tenderly. So my Philip died. Perhaps he hears me tell the sad story of our love on this solemn, beautiful night. Philip, my darling!" she murmured, softly, raising her tearful eyes to the bright heavens, "if you can help me bring the blessing you invoked on our dear friend's head, you will bring a blessing also to your Margaret, in whose heart you will live till she comes to join you in a better world than this."

"Is this friend, then, unhappy?" asked Mr. Weston, with no suspicion of the truth.

"Most unhappy—most undeservedly unhappy. Ah, sir, if you had it in your power, would you not help him—would you not be proud to bring joy into the life of such a man? You were right in calling him noble. Such a nature as his ennobles the world! And yet at this moment he is stricken down by grief."

"He is here, then—in England?"

"He is here, in England, in Devonshire: within sound of my voice."

"What is his name?"

"I must relate an incident of his early life before I tell you, in proof that this act of devotion towards my Philip was not the only act of sacrifice and devotion he has performed. Not the only one, do I say! His life is full of noble deeds. When he was young he had a friend—nay, do not take your hand away; he and his friend loved the same girl. He saw that the girl's heart was given to his friend, whom he had kept in ignorance of the state of his affections, out of consideration for him. Listen now to what this man did when he fully learnt the truth. Loving this girl, he could not remain near her without betraying himself; he could not remain near his friend without betraying himself. Knowing that the revelation of his love would bring distress both to his friend and the girl he loved, he went from them suddenly. He did more than this: his friend at that time was not rich. He himself had some little store of money—between one and two thousand pounds, as near as I can learn; he placed the money—the whole of his fortune—in the hands of a lawyer, to be given to the girl, with strict instructions that neither she nor his friend should know from whom it came. It is now for the first time that his friend hears of this act of sacrifice and unselfishness—Why do you turn from me?"

"Let me be child, for a few moments," said Mr. Weston, in broken tones. "I might have guessed—I might have guessed. Where in the world could I find another such noble heart as Gerald's? I have wronged him—deeply wronged him."

"A fault confessed is half atoned for," said Margaret, pursuing her advantage. "Complete the atonement. You can do so."

"I know it, child; but my promise is given elsewhere. You do not know what strange things have happened this night, Margaret, that, apart from what you have told me of the noble nature of the friend I have wronged, would induce me to complete the atonement. Margaret, I have been visited by the spirits of the dead—of men and women who passed out of the world years and years ago, and whose faces I have seen only in my dreams. They came to warn me, as it seems—but I cannot speak of it."

Margaret assisted him to a chair, and knelt by his side, Gideon Rowe standing a few paces away.

"Do not disregard their warning," she said, sweetly, "if you disregard my pleading—for I do plead, and you know for whom."

"I know—I know; but my promise stands in the way."

"What promise?"

"Gerald's promised to another—I have engaged myself, in honor, to her mother."

Margaret smiled tenderly. "What is the name of the young lady?"

"Miss Forester. You saw her on the unhappy night that Gerald Hunter left my house with his daughter."

"It was an unhappy night for all of us. If this promise did not bind you—"

He took up her words. "If this promise did not bind me, I would, if I could find the courage to do so, and if Gerald and Lucy truly loved each other, go to my friend—of whose goodness every day that I speak of him brings fresh proof—and ask the hand of his daughter for my son."

Such happiness stirred Margaret's heart at these words, that he felt her warm tears upon his hand as she kissed it again and again.

"I cannot express my joy," she said, "for I know that you never yet forfeited a promise. Father!" She called Gideon Rowe to her side, and whispered a few words of instruction in his ear; he nodded, smilingly, and left her. "Dear Mr. Weston, if such a sentiment as pure love exists—and we know it does—it exists in the hearts of Lucy and Gerald. As for Miss Forester, here she is, to speak for herself."

Miss Forester and Rachel Holmes were one and the same person, then Mr. Weston might have believed that Miss Forester was there to speak for herself; for the lady who came now upon the scene was dressed in the old-fashioned garments worn by Rachel Holmes when she made her appearance at the dinner, an unexpected, and certainly unwelcome, guest. Finding no clue to the enigma, and sorely disturbed by the late occurrence, Mr. Weston grasped Margaret's hand, and clung to her, as if for protection.

"She is no phantom," said Margaret, smiling; "she is really and truly flesh and blood, as you and I are. I see that you are filled with wonder, and if you will say, 'Margaret, I forgive you,' I will explain what is now a mystery to you, and will relieve your mind of the fears that now oppress you."

"If you can do that," he

for the pipe; Connecticut is justly celebrated as the finest cigar wrapping-leaf known to commerce, while Ohio raises both cigar and cutting-leaf.

Some few years since, the growers of the plant in the Connecticut Valley entertained the belief that the valley was capable of producing a leaf-tobacco exceeding in flavor any variety now cultivated, and retain that fine texture that gives it value. Many leading varieties were tried, including Orinoco, Latoka, and most of the varieties grown in Cuba. By repeated trial they succeeded in raising a variety known as Spanish tobacco, which promised to be the coming tobacco-plant in New England. The plant is of strong growth, attaining about the same height as seed-leaf—perhaps attaining a little more altitude—has a small, hard stalk, with leaves about two feet in length, and corresponding breadth. The plant comes forward rapidly, and ripens much more rapidly than seed-leaf, thereby insuring against all danger from autumnal frosts.

The Latoka and Persian tobacco was first brought to this country by the well-known traveler, Bayard Taylor, some years since, and was tested by many tobacco-growers in all sections of the country, but on account of its size—being one of the smallest varieties—could not be cultivated with much profit. It is well adapted for the pipe, and is of peculiar flavor, while the color (about like light Virginia) fits it for all lovers of mild tobacco.

Another variety tested in New England has been known as Podunk tobacco. This is doubtless another variety of seed-leaf, the result of bringing seed from various countries. There are quite a number of varieties of seed-leaf cultivated in the New England, Middle and Western States. There are four leading varieties in Ohio, and another has recently been discovered in a most singular manner. A few years since a number of plants growing near some bushes attracted the attention of the grower on account of the peculiar color of the leaf. The leaves were carefully picked, and the plants allowed to go to seed. The next season plant-beds were made, and several acres planted. The result was the same, the leaf exhibiting the same color when growing and curing down to a very light shade, which gives it its name, "White Tobacco," or as it is known now, "Congress Premium Tobacco." As a cut tobacco it bids fair to rival other tobaccos used for this purpose.

In California the plant is being cultivated to a considerable extent, and, by the new method of curing discovered by Mr. Culp, will doubtless make its cultivation a success, and add still another great product to the number now cultivated in that wondrous climate. But while new varieties of the plant are being tried, new methods of culture are also being tried, which has much to do with the growth and quality of the plant.

In the New England States especially have tobacco-growers been more particularly interested in new varieties, and tested more than any other part of the country. In Virginia not so much attention has been paid to new varieties (although there are many grades and qualities), on account of their tobacco being adapted for the pipe rather than for a cigar-wrapper. While the tobacco-plant readily adapts itself to soil and climate, it often loses those essential qualities which render it valuable and a source of profit to the cultivator of the weed. Some kinds of tobacco may be grown in almost any climate, and still retain, in a measure, its essential qualities, such as texture, color, size, and weight. Others, however, change altogether on being introduced to new sections of country.

When the London and Plymouth Companies landed in Virginia, they found tobacco (uppowow) a very small plant with leaves not much larger than those of the walnut-tree, and growing about two feet in height. The English colony took a deep interest from the first in the plant, and at once commenced its cultivation. The care and attention bestowed upon the plant soon completely changed the whole character of it, both in size, color, and general qualities. It has been so in New England; now the plant is of much better color and texture than when first cultivated, and, as new sorts are being tested, will undoubtedly produce varieties of the plant excelling those now being cultivated.

New varieties, as they are introduced into the country, cause new and improved methods of culture to be tried, in order to perfect the leaf. European and American tobacco are decidedly different, particularly in strength, the former not having the strong qualities possessed by the American plant. On being cultivated, however, in America, it in a short time becomes as powerful in flavor as if always grown here. In order to test new varieties of the plant properly, they should be tried upon various soils, and with the aid of fertilizers. In this way the grower can easily determine just what soil and cultivation are required for the plant. If the leaf is to be light, select light soil; if, on the contrary, a dark leaf is desired, the plants should be "set" upon a dark loam. In this manner the grower can readily obtain the color, texture and body of leaf required. Not only will such experiments be valuable, but the results will be gratifying and interesting.

CREMATION IN GERMANY.

THE Berlin correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* writes, Nov. 11th: "A gentleman who was present at the incineration of a young lady's corpse (late the wife of a German medical man) at Siemens's celebrated factory in Dresden, on Saturday last, gives an interesting account of the proceedings. He says that a sort of *chapel ardente*, profusely decorated with flowers, was erected in one of the workshops, in the centre of which the coffin containing the body—that of a very handsome young woman—was placed. Mr. Siemens himself, as the clergy had refused to assist at the ceremony, pronounced a solemn and touching discourse over the body, which, in its coffin, was then inserted in the furnace, the iron door of which was closed upon it, and a stream of inconceivably hot air directed upon it, surrounding (as could be perceived through a window let into the side of the furnace) it with pale red, quivering, distinctly vibrating flames. There was no sudden burning up or even scorching of the corpse, no phenomenon ghastly to the eye or revolting to any other sense, but what seemed to be an extraordinary rapid process of desiccation, during which, after the liquid substances had been evolved, the solid parts first became red hot, then white hot, and then lastly resolved themselves into ashes. There was, this gentleman positively asserts, nothing from first to last offensive in this process to the physical senses, or even sentimentally distressing. The furnace is surrounded by drapery, which conceals it from the sight of the mourners, and what can be seen through the inlet (which is used for purposes connected with the regulation of the fire) is in no way horrible, although it offers the strange spectacle of a human body gradually vanishing away through the influence of intense heat. The process—to which the soft substances, in particular the lungs and liver, offered the longest resistance—lasted

exactly one hour and eighteen minutes; and on Sunday the ashes were gathered up with all due solemnity, and transferred to a suitable urn."

OUR ROYAL GUEST.

(Continued from page 280.)

he has been invested. He wears no jewelry save three immense plain gold rings, one on the third and fourth fingers of the right hand and one on the little finger of the left hand, respectively. Encircling the wrist of his left hand, half-disclosed and half concealed by his cuffs, can usually be observed a gold chain, which seems to be secured by a lock and key. It was hinted that His Majesty put this bracelet on as a token of an agreement made with some one in Hawaii before he left; or that it is a charm of some sort.

King Kalakaua arrived at Washington on Saturday, December 12th, and met with a cordial reception. Secretaries Fish, Belknap and Robeson, accompanied by a few minor officials, left Washington at an early hour on Saturday morning, and met the train containing the King about six or eight miles from the city. The royal party was in charge of Captain Temple, of the United States Navy, and a staff of young and handsome officers, who have been placed under him. Mr. Allen (the King's Chief-Judge), who accompanied the party from Washington, introduced the Government officials to the King. When the train arrived at the depot, the royal party left the cars, the King walking between Mr. Fish and Mr. Allen, and the others following in the order of their rank. They marched to the north front of the new Baltimore and Potomac Depot, where carriages were in waiting for the distinguished guest, under the escort of a detachment of marines. A procession was then formed, and the party were conveyed to the quarters of the King at the Arlington House. The streets along the route were thronged with a curious multitude, and His Majesty graciously acknowledged the cheers of greeting.

Arriving at the Arlington, the party were shown to the elegant rooms prepared for their use. The decorations in the parlor of the suite of rooms were particularly elegant. A prominent feature was an immense bed of flowers, which rested on a table, in which the word "Welcome" was formed of buds and blossoms.

A suite of thirteen rooms had been engaged at the Arlington House for the royal party. Of these, five are for the personal use of the King, consisting of parlor, dining-room, writing-room for himself and Secretary, chamber and bath-room; and, in addition, two large parlors on the first-floor for general reception.

On Tuesday afternoon, December 15th, the King was formally presented to the President. President Grant, the members of the Cabinet, General Sherman of the Army, Admiral Porter of the Navy, and a few distinguished persons, were assembled in full dress for the purpose of receiving the King. The ceremony was conducted without much formality, and the King made a favorable impression upon all by his easy and graceful manners.

BOSTON AND SAN FRANCISCO.

THE following shows the difference between prices of restaurant food in Boston and in San Francisco: For green turtle soup, Boston charges 50 cents; San Francisco, 15 cents—for bouillon, 20 cents; San Francisco, 15 cents; and so on in proportion, Boston always keeping 5 to 35 cents ahead. Now for the fish: Boston, for fried smelts, demands 40 cents; San Francisco, 25 cents—for fried cod, 40 cents; San Francisco, 25 cents. Next we have the entrées: Boston, for a porter-house steak, demands \$1; San Francisco, 50 cents—for kidneys with wine sauce, 50 cents; San Francisco, 25 cents—for mallard ducks \$2; San Francisco, 40 cents. Here San Francisco is away ahead. Calf's liver Boston considers worth 40 cents; San Francisco 25 cents—boiled ham, Boston rates at 40 cents; San Francisco at 25 cents—broiled quail, 60 cents; San Francisco, 40 cents—venison steak, \$1; San Francisco, 25 cents. Cold roast beef, 50 cents; San Francisco, 25 cents—tea, 20 cents; San Francisco, 15 cents. For the matter of eggs, bread and vegetables the charges are even. In the wines, however, Boston scores a few points. Boston sells its Moet et Chandon for \$3 per quart; San Francisco for \$4—Roederer at \$3; San Francisco asks \$4; for the same brand Château Leoville, Boston rates at \$2.50; San Francisco at \$3. In the porter and ale line, Boston is also cheaper than San Francisco.

ELECTRICITY FOR LIGHT.

AN important extension of the application of electricity as an illuminating agent is about to be made by the Trinity Board, London. Two lighthouses on the Lizard Point are to be fitted with the requisite apparatus for the production of the electric light. The penetrating power of this light will be of the utmost value at this the first point of land made by homeward-bound ships. We have frequently urged the adoption of the electric light by our Lighthouse Boards, and the managers of ocean steamships, as the most effective method of preventing maritime disasters. There should also be an apparatus for generating the light at Sandy Hook, another on the bluff of Fort Wadsworth at the Narrows, a third at or near Fulton Ferry, East River, and a fourth at Canal Street, North River. From the last two points broad beams of light could be thrown across the rivers during a stormy evening or fog, making a clear pathway for the hundred or more ferry-boats that are continually crossing each other's track. We are positive of the usefulness of this agent for the purpose mentioned, as repeated experiments have been made at this office with the light. Our apparatus, the Wilde patent, is the only one of its kind in the United States, combining the power of throwing down copper for electrolyzing with that of creating the most powerful illumination. There are but six others in the country, and they are used solely for making electrolytes. The cheapness of the light, its strength and durability, and the ease of manipulation, have been thoroughly demonstrated. But one steamship company—the French Transatlantic—has attempted to use the light on their vessels. It was abandoned owing to the expense, but the real fault was in the apparatus. It is to be sincerely hoped that our Lighthouse Board may imitate the example of the Trinity Board of London, and at least give electricity a fair test.

TRAINING-SHIPS FOR BOYS.

AS training-ships have been supplied by the Secretary of the Navy to three States under the Act of Congress granting a vessel of the United States Navy to each State that may decide to edu-

cate certain of its youth for sailors, many questions are being asked concerning the regulations and maintenance of these ships. Lieutenant-Commander Glass, U. S. N., has submitted a plan to the Board of Supervisors of the California ship, which will probably be adopted by New York and Massachusetts. Seven officers and a complement of twenty petty officers and seamen will be requisite to man the ships. Candidates for admission to the nautical school must be between the ages of thirteen and seventeen years, and should evince an aptitude or inclination for a sea life. They will be admitted only on the written application of their parents and guardians. An entrance fee will be required sufficient in amount to cover the expense of furnishing the candidate with his uniform, hammock and bedding, and such text-books as are needed. It is thought that \$25 or \$30 will be sufficient for this purpose. A monthly charge of not less than \$10 will be made to defray the expense of clothing and feeding the boys on board ship. All offenses committed by persons belonging to the "training-ship" while on shore shall be punished as if they had been committed on board ship. The commander is not authorized to inflict, or cause or permit to be inflicted, any punishment for a single offense other than one of the following: First—Reduction of any rating established by himself. Second—Confinement with or without irons, single or double; such confinement not to exceed ten days, except in case of an offender to be brought before a court-martial. Third—Solitary confinement on bread and water not exceeding five days. Fourth—Solitary confinement not exceeding seven days. Fifth—Deprivation of liberty on shore. Sixth—Extra duties. The commanding officer is authorized to order a summary court-martial for the trial of offenses deserving a more serious punishment than he is empowered to inflict. In no case shall punishment by flogging be inflicted. The course of study embraces all branches of practical seamanship, instruction in gunnery, navigation, engineering, and the rudimentary and advanced curriculum of the English language. It is suggested that offers of appointment to the Naval Academy be made as prizes to the boys on the training-ships.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS AT PARIS.—If American voters hold caucuses in taverns and country hotels, there certainly can be nothing strange in the view of a meeting of electors in one of the suburban blacksmith-shops of Paris. The view is novel to city politicians, but in the interior towns gatherings even more singular, by reason of location, are not unusual. As is general, a few listen to the speakers, a president endeavors to keep order, and a secretary to take notes, while the majority debate among themselves without the least show of respect for the distinguished pleaders.

THE SWEDISH PARLIAMENT IN SESSION.—The first Parliament of the United Kingdom of Sweden and Norway was assembled by order of the King, at Stockholm, in 1865. There is an *abandon* about the members that appears to us rather below the dignity of royal legislators, and a stranger would be more apt to regard the session as one of a political party or a scientific society than of the highest deliberative body of the dual kingdom.

COMPOSERS OF OPERA BOUFFE.—Offenbach, who has achieved the greatest distinction as a composer of opera bouffe, was born at Cologne, on the 21st of June, 1819. He first became known as a composer in 1847, when he adapted several of La Fontaine's fables to music, each fable constituting a musical scene, vaudeville, or *opérette à camera*. He has written over thirty comic operas. The best known among them are: "Orphée aux Enfers," "La Belle Hélène," "La Barbe Bleue," "La Grande Duchesse," "La Perichole" and "Les Brigands." Hervé, whose real name is Florimond Ronger, was born at Houdain, near Arras, in 1825, and was brought up in Paris among the musical pupils of the Church of St. Roch. He was for eight years organist at St. Eustache, and at the same time leader of the orchestra at the Palais Royal. He afterwards sang at the Théâtre de l'Opéra National, where in 1842 his "Don Quixote," the first specimen of opera bouffe ever presented to a French audience, was produced. In 1853 he founded the "Folies Concertantes," where was produced his "La Fine Fleur de l'Andalousie." In 1856 he became leader of the orchestra at the Eldorado. Among his later productions are "L'Œil Creve," "Chiperie," "La Petit Faust" and "Les Turcs."

THE TRANSIT OF VENUS.—The Island of Rodriguez is in the Indian Ocean, some 360 miles east of Mauritius, and was selected as one of the chief southern stations for the English observation of the transit. The party landed from H. M. S. *Shearwater*, August 18th, and after selecting a suitable spot for the observatory, began landing the astronomical instruments, that were packed in boxes, by means of a pair of shears formed of ships' spars. This work was prosecuted with such rapidity that the labor proper of the observers was begun August 24th.

THE WAR IN SPAIN.—VIEW OF THE BRIDGE OF BEBORHE. The Bridge Bioborhe overlooks the Bidassoa River and the Isle of Pheasants, and the city of Irún is seen in the distance. It is occupied by the Miqueletee, or Serranist Volunteers, who are firing on a ruined fortress belonging to the Carlists. The figures on the right of the fort are French soldiers.

WORKMEN'S DWELLINGS.—The Shaftesbury Park estate comprises forty acres of freehold land in the parish of St. Mary, Battersea, at Lavender Hill, near Clapham Junction Station, London, and is the property of the Artisans', Laborers' and General Dwellings Company (Limited), an association formed in the year 1867, for the purpose of building suitable dwellings for working people who were driven from their homes in the city by the extension of gigantic metropolitan improvements. No public-houses will be permitted within the precincts of Shaftesbury Park (although one or two have already sprung up in the outskirts), but shops for the sale of refreshments and other commodities of a like light though useful nature are already doing a brisk business. The park has been laid out in handsome streets. At the edges of the footways rows of young trees have been planted, and in front of each house is a small but neatly kept garden. The houses are built in four classes, containing five, six, seven and eight rooms respectively, the latter including a bath-room. For these dwellings a weekly rental of 5s. 6d., 6s. 9d., 8s. and 10s. is paid, which sums, except in the case of the best houses, include rates and taxes. If the tenant intends to buy the house the rates and taxes and ground-rent have to be paid by him, in addition to the purchase money. The purchasing price of the houses ranges from £150 to £310, on a long lease, and is subject to a ground-rent.

LOUISE LATEAU AND SISTER.—It will be remembered that much excitement was created sometime ago by the statement that Louise Lateau, of Bois d'Haire, in Belgium, bore upon her person the marks of the wounds inflicted upon our Saviour. She has submitted to an examination, and it was found that her hands, feet, side and forehead exhibited the identical marks found on the body of Christ when taken from the cross, and that there was no deception. These are said to be birth-marks.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

THE Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives are investigating the Pacific Mail Steamship Company.... Marshal Jewell was confirmed by the Senate as Postmaster General.... A great effort is being made to secure a subsidy from the Government for the Southern Transcontinental Railroad.... Boston was visited by another severe fire last week.... The New Orleans authorities have determined not to insist on forcing negroes into the Female High School.... Mayor Cobb of Boston was re-elected by 18,000 majority last week.... Professor C. S. Harrington, of the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., was nominated for Congress.... Charles Howard, under a sentence to be hanged, was lynched by a body of masked men at Des Moines, Iowa.... King Kalakaua made his official call upon the President at the White House, December 15th.... Two burglars, last week, killed at Bay Ridge, N. Y., were identified as the abductors of Charley Ross.... The Council and Fellows of the American Geographical Society will give a banquet to the leading travelers and explorers of America in February.... An anti-Masonic crusade has been started in Illinois.... A council was held in Indian Territory between the Peace Commissioners and five nations.... Hon. Timothy M. Allyn, of Hartford, has offered that city \$100,000 for the establishment of an industrial school for the free instruction of boys and girls in the business vocations of life, agriculture and the mechanic arts.... Prof. F. V. Hayden has been elected a corresponding member of the Natural History Society of Wurtemberg.... Mexico will grant a subsidy of \$12,000 per mile to the Tehuantepec Railroad.... The Russian mission was tendered to E. D. Morgan, of New York.... A society for the prevention of cruelty to children was founded in New York city last week.... The celebration of New Year's Eve by the "Mystics" of Mobile, Ala., will be unusually fine.... The inter-collegiate literary convention will be at the Academy, New York, January 7th.... Lieutenant-Commander Cushing, U.S.N., who blew up the rebel ram *Albemarle* during the war, died in the Government Insane Asylum.... King Kalakaua was presented to both branches of Congress, December 18th.... The new Japanese Minister submitted his credentials to the President.... Governor Ames, of Mississippi, sustained the action of Sheriff Crosby in the recent difficulty.... A silver cup was given each member of the Columbia crew which won the College race.

FOREIGN.

THE great Pyramid is to be converted into a lighthouse.... The British Parliament will reassemble, February 5th.... A denial of war in Uruguay was published.... General Loma, who led the Spanish Republican troops in the last battle with the Carlists, was severely wounded.... A delegation of Knights Templar, at the close of the Grand Conclave in New Orleans, visited Havana, Cuba, and were well received.... The Committee on Standing Orders of the German Reichstag decided that the arrest of Herr Majunka during the session was illegal.... Mexico passed the Bill for the suppression of the Order of Sisters of Charity.... Counsel for the prosecution in the Von Arnim trial demanded a sentence of confinement for two and a half years.... The Czar conferred the Order of St. Andrew on President MacMahon.... Dr. Isaac Butt, the "Home Rule" Member of Parliament for Limerick, is about to leave Europe for the United States on a lecturing tour.... Edward Alfred Warren, of the British Museum, has just died. Although only thirty-eight, he had been twenty years in the Museum, employed on the catalogue.... At the Paris Observatory there is a telescope in the course of construction that will be the largest ever yet made. The tube will be fifty feet in length and six feet eight inches in diameter.... The Vienna *Presse* believes that the Von Arnim case has divided the Prussian royal family, and that Empress Augusta, never in sympathy with Bismarck, now resolutely sustains his victim.... The city government of Paris has organized a service of 600 tumbrils for the removal of snow from the streets. The sum voted was \$20,000.... Reports represent the famine in Asia Minor as most distressing.... Prince Bismarck threatened to resign the Chancellorship.... Count Von Arnim was sentenced to three months imprisonment, minus the period already spent in jail.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

NEW YORK CITY.—The oratorio of the "Messiah" will be sung Christmas night at Steinway Hall, by the Oratorio Society of New York, and the Handel and Haydn Society of Brooklyn. * * There will be three nights of Italian Opera during the holidays, one of which will be devoted to "Lohengrin," * * Henri Stuart, a French actor, appears with acceptance in "The Hero of the Hour," at Booth's Theatre. * * At Wood's Museum, "Aladdin" and "The Carpenter of Rouen" are in preparation for the holidays. * * Several new ballets are to be added to the attractions of "The Black Crook" at the Grand Opera House, and a gala performance is being arranged for the promised visit of King Kalakaua. * * Mr. Jackson's adaptation of "The Two Orphans" succeeded "Love's Sacrifice" at the Union Square Theatre, and promises great success. * * The second Philharmonic Concert of the season was given at the Academy, December 12th, the opening piece being Schumann's Third Symphony. * * Mr. Maccabe is driving "Dull Care" from crowded audiences at his new home, Robinson Hall. * * There is a demand for double the number of seats in the Park Theatre for the one-hundredth performance of "The Gilded Age," and very curious things will then be done. * * The little folks are laying aside portions of their holiday money for Barnum, who will give them a rousing treat at the Hippodrome during the next two weeks.

DOMESTIC.—Twelve Symphony Concerts will be given in Baltimore this Winter, under the auspices of the Peabody Institute. * * The new Globe Theatre, of Boston, was filled to overflowing last week, the attraction being "Lohengrin," by the Strakosch Company. * * At the Boston Theatre "L'Enfant Prodigal" was brought out for the holidays, with Julia Seaman, Moricchi, Olivia Rand, and other favorites, in the cast. * * John Brougham was at the Cincinnati Opera House last week, playing in his "Lottery of Life." * * The Aimée Company produced "La File de Mme. Angot," at the Grand Opera House, Cincinnati, December 14th. * * A grand benefit was given Miss Kellogg, at the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., December 17th, under the patronage of President Grant and King Kalakaua. * * E. L. Davenport appeared in "Hamlet," at Ford's Opera House, Washington, D. C., last week. * * Edwin Booth began a short season at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, December 14th, opening with the "Merchant of Venice."

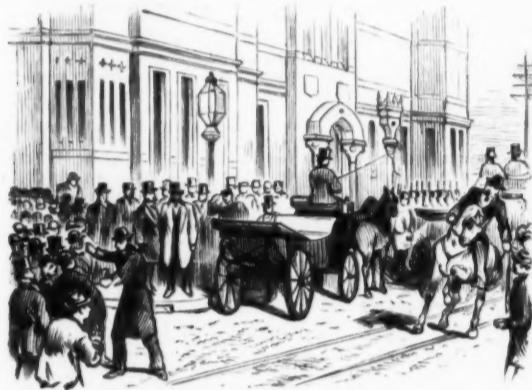
FOREIGN.—Barry Sullivan, the English tragedian, and Henry Irving, whose "Hamlet" has created such excitement in London, will go to the United States early in January. * * E. L. Davenport has accepted an engagement from an English manager, and will star the leading theatres of the kingdom. * * Rubinstein is in Paris arranging for the production of his new opera, "Nero," which will be the attraction of the new Opera House. * * The opera "Die Maccabaei" will be produced in Berlin in February. * * The famous basso, Signor del Puento (now in New York), has received a diploma of honorary membership of the Society of St. Cecilia in Rome. * * Victor Maurel, who made such a hit in the United States, has done likewise in Marseilles. * * Mlle. Reditti, who is singing in Italy with so much success, is an American woman named Reed. * * Gounod has partially rewritten "Mireille," and the new version will soon be sung at the Paris Opera Comique.



THE ARRIVAL AT THE WASHINGTON STATION.

OUR ROYAL GUEST.

PRINCE DAVID KALAKAUUA, who was chosen, February 12th, 1874, almost unanimously by the Legislative Assembly to be the King of the Hawaiian Islands, was born at Honolulu on the 16th of November, 1836, and is therefore in his thirty-ninth year. He is the son of the late Hon. C. Kapaakea and the late High Chiefess Keohokalole, who were connected with the various branches of the High Chiefs descended from the ancient sovereigns. He received a good education at the Royal School, and has filled various public positions, which have given him an opportunity to acquire an extensive knowledge of international law, and fit him to act as sovereign of his native



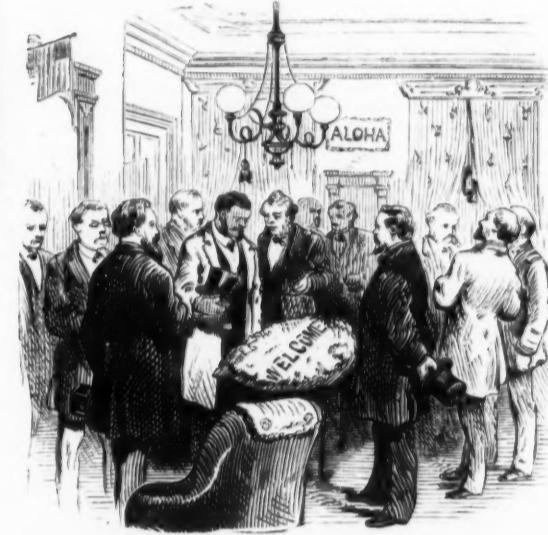
THE ESCORT TO THE CARRIAGE AT THE DEPOT.

HIS MAJESTY KALAKAUUA, KING OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADLEY & RULOFSON.

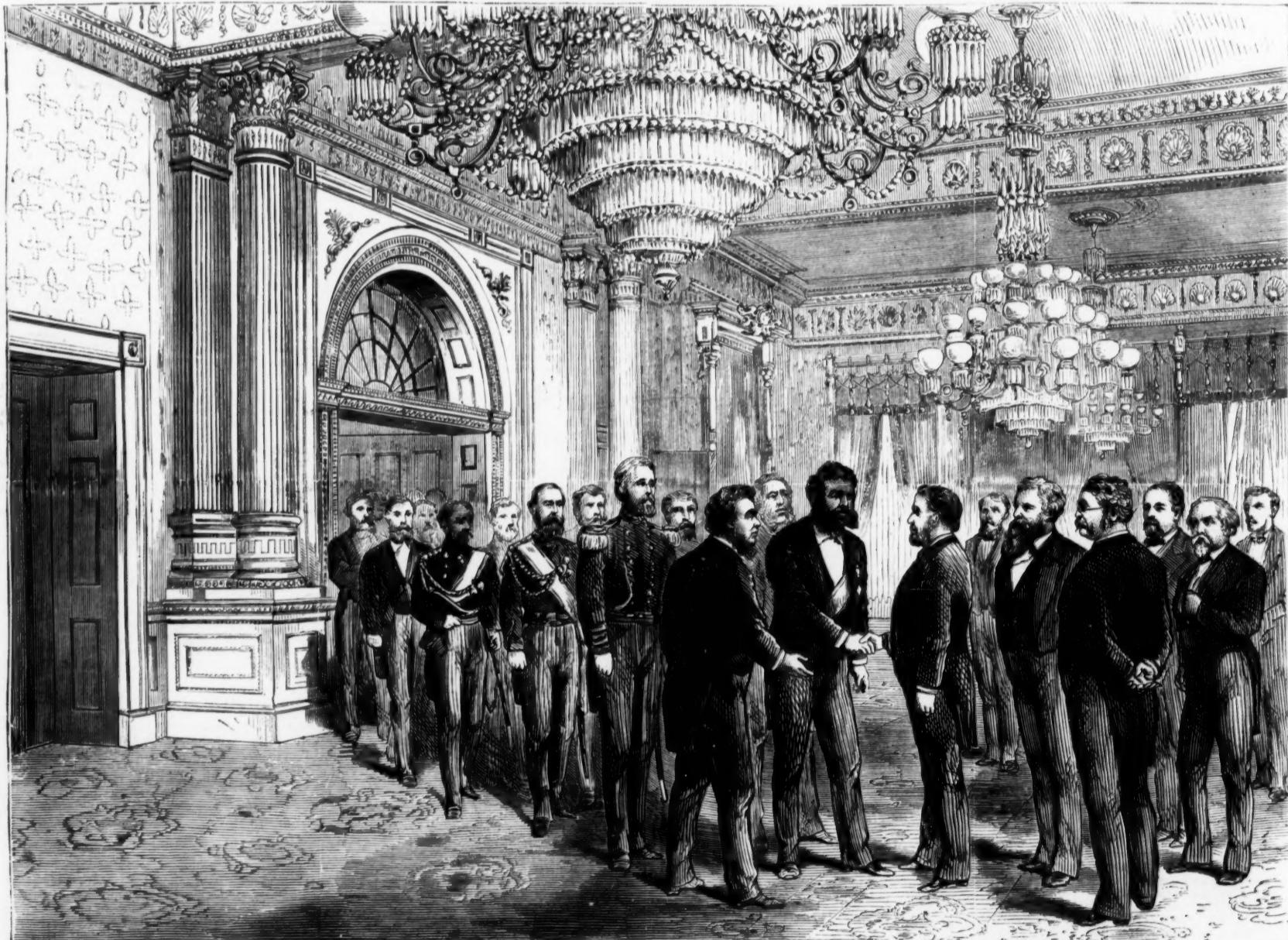
THE RIDE DOWN PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.

country. In 1863 he married the young Chiefess Kapiolani, daughter of the Hawaiian Chief Keawe, and niece of Keliahonui, a chief of Kauai, and thus consolidated the interests of some of the most influential families of the kingdom.

His personal appearance the King is a stout, portly gentleman. His complexion is dark, and his side-whiskers and hair are black and curly. He has the easy, self-possessed air of a man of the world. He goes about attired in a suit of black broadcloth of the latest and most fashionable cut. On the lapel of his coat is pinned a small strip of parti-colored ribbon, indicating the royal Order with which

(Continued on page 279.)

ARRIVAL AT THE PARLOR OF THE KING'S SUITE OF ROOMS IN THE ARLINGTON HOTEL.

KING KALAKAUUA AND SUITE PAYING A FORMAL VISIT TO THE PRESIDENT IN THE BLUE ROOM OF THE WHITE HOUSE.
KING KALAKAUUA, OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS, VISITING WASHINGTON.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



CENTENNIAL TEA PARTY IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 16TH.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 217.

THE RILL.

Trickling through the rifted rocks,
Trickling down the hill,
Tinkling, a sweet music box,
Flows the little rill.

Out upon its stony bed,
Down unto the green,
By some fairy finger led
From a fairy scene.

Now it creeps beneath the grass,
Now it leaps above,
Like a playful village lass
Hiding from her love.

Oh, it rings a merry chime
As it trips along;
Ripple, drizzle, is the rhyme
Of its dainty song.

Many flowers deck its brink,
Many alders shade;
Many oxen of it drink,
Passing through the glade.

Trickling through the rifted rocks,
Trickling down the hill,
Tinkling, a sweet music box,
Flows the little rill.

THE
DOOM OF THE ALBATROSS.

A SECRET OF THE SEA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ALL IN THE WILD MARCH MORNING," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"**A** LETTER from Wymondstowe for you, Gwendoline," Mrs. Allan said, looking up from her sewing-machine; and then she added, rather coldly, "I looked for you in your room up-stairs and in the conservatory, and could not find you."

"I—I was in the garden, Mrs. Allan," I said, with a careless smile, though my heart beat faster, and the hot color surged up into my pale cheeks as I turned away to the mirror, bestowing prolonged and elaborate arrangement on the tie of the mauve ribbon beneath the lace tucker at my throat, whilst I felt Mrs. Allan's keen gray eyes watching my every look and motion even before the reflecting powers of the glass betrayed her to me.

"In the garden? Were you really! In the hot sun, my dear!" Mrs. Allan said, with a somewhat exaggerated air of intense surprise. "I thought you told me last week that being out-of-doors on a hot day always made you ill! That reminds me." Mrs. Allan continued, as if speaking to herself, but watching me, as I turned round to read my letter, very closely still—"I want to speak to George about the netting for those greengage plums. You have no idea where George is, I suppose, my dear?"

In mingled annoyance and amusement at the excessive would-be innocence of this cross-questioning, I bit my lip to restrain malicious laughter and impatient retort alike, and answered gravely, as I slowly cut open the envelope of my letter—Mrs. Allan invariably reproving me for my usual method of tearing off in pieces the covers of my epistles:

"George is in the garden, Mrs. Allan; and I believe he and Johnson are putting up the netting. They were talking about it when I came in."

"Ah!" Mrs. Allan said slowly, and then she coughed a little dry cough that meant so much. "From your aunt Sophia, I suppose, my dear?" with a glance at the large sheet of thin yellowish paper, closely written in pale scratchy caligraphy. "I hope she is quite well, and your grandfather and your aunt Louisa?"

"I don't know, indeed," I replied, wearily, and sighing impatiently as I tried to decipher a line here and there amidst the closely packed scores of words, and wished for the hundredth time that my aunt Sophia had less to say in her letters, and that she had something else to send me than the full, true, and particular account of all the disagreeable and unfortunate things that had happened since she wrote last to me, such being the ingratitude of my nature and such the unworthy yearnings of my soul in return for the receipt of news from the home and friends of my childhood.

For the moment I abandoned the attempt to make myself acquainted with all the woes and sorrows I had left behind, and, raising my head, suffered my thoughts to float out through the open glass door, at which I sat in the cool shadow with the lemon perfume of the verbena floating past me, and the rosy silken petals of the over-blown roses fluttering in from the garden-path with each breath of the warm Summer breeze.

"Can't you read your aunt's letter, my dear?" Mrs. Allan queried, looking inquisitively at my absent face. "No bad news, I hope?"

"No—oh no!" I answered, mechanically, turning with a start from the contemplation of the golden lights and soft green shadows of the old garden, and from listening to the music of a clear strong voice, whose tones echoed cheerily through the clear soft Summer air scented by the breath of the dying roses, to look again at the painfully, crabbedly neat caligraphy before me. "Aunt Louisa is very poorly, and grandfather has been giving them all a terrible time of it with his fear of house-breakers. Aunt Sophia hasn't slept a wink this last week, and has had a bad toothache. That's all the news, Mrs. Allan, except that one of the cows is ill, and the calves got into the garden and trampled down my geraniums," I said, irascibly—those agreeable home letters having a peculiar effect on my nerves. "So, as Aunt Sophia probably continues on in this style for a considerable time," as Artemus Ward says, I must beg you'll excuse my reading any more of such an enlivening epistle, Mrs. Allan. My hair is in a disheveled condition from wearing that flapping garden-hat, and I must go and arrange it, and leave the perusal of Aunt Sophia's jeremiad to a more convenient season; besides, her letters will always 'keep,' like well-made pickles, for an indefinite length of time."

I saw Mrs. Allan's brows elevate themselves in silent approval of the flippancy of my words and tone as I hastily left the room and betook myself to my own chamber up-stairs, and to the employment which had become so habitual to me of late—that of staring into the looking-glass on my toilet-table, and with gloomy dissatisfaction regarding the pale thin face and tresses of thick dark hair which I never could arrange to my satisfaction, except in one method, which method I never could attempt to adopt either at home in Wymondstowe, or at Meadsman, where I occasionally visited my cousin, Mrs. Allan.

I ventured to transgress, however, on one occasion. It was a balmy June morning, I remember, and, after attiring myself in a fresh print morning-dress of pale buff, with daintily crimped frills at the

throat and wrists, and just one dewy spray of little crimson blossoms fastened in my waist-belt, I let down all the mass of my long dark hair, all shining and waving in clusters of rich, glossy, artistic curls, looped softly back from my temples, and perceived then, with a glow of what I can solemnly declare was honest, innocent, grateful pleasure, and not a narrow-hearted vanity, that, for the first time in my life, I looked a beautiful and attractive woman.

George Allan was alone in the breakfast-room when I entered. He rose to greet me with a certain formal politeness—we had met but two days previously, and I was a strange young lady, a cousin of his stepmother's, and to his simple sailor-ideas a very stylish person indeed. He rose and took my outstretched hand. I have forgotten what he said, if he spoke at all; but I have never forgotten how he looked—I never shall forget to my dying day.

I turned away quickly, with a pretense of busying myself with the breakfast-table, but I could not still the wild, quick beatings of my heart, nor stifle the tumultuous gladness that seemed to thrill through and through my very inmost soul. Had the sunlight grown suddenly brighter, the mingled sweet scents of garden and orchard and meadow grown sweeter, and all the fair world of blue sky, Summer woodland, singing birds and opening flowers grown fairer and more joyous? And all for one earnest, ardent glance of admiration from the clear gray eyes of a simple, honest sailor-lad.

For he was only that, with his twenty-two years, his frank, smiling, boyish face, and curly chestnut hair. Oh, George, my love, my love, my love, I can see you now as I saw you then on that Summer morning long ago, when for a brief space, standing alone together in that sunlit silence, with all the subtle harmonies of nature in its sweet blossoming time stealing around us, for you and for me

"Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it in his glowing hands—
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands."

I have related how it came to pass that I transgressed the orthodox rules of hair-dressing according to the rigidly-formed ideas of the two presiding genuses of my existence—my spinster aunt, Sophia Wymond, who regarded all the world as going straight to perdition, on account of vanity, extravagance, and "riotous living," as she phrased it, whilst she trod mournfully the straight and thorny way to heaven, assisted by the rigidest of Calvinistic doctrines, and the closest habits of parsimony and money-making; and my strict and most punctilious widow-cousin, Jemima Allan, who was a pious and kind-hearted woman, I believe, of Low Church views in religion, but who worshipped two deities of her own private—prosperity and respectability.

I have but to add, in conclusion to the subject, that this, my first transgression, was also my last. Mrs. Allan gravely took occasion to warn me against the very great tendency which I exhibited towards an unbecoming showiness in dress and general appearance, as being most unsuitable to me in every way—most unladylike, most indecorous; and I was fain, with tears of vexation, to assure my relative and hostess that I would never so offend again—for I knew, when Mrs. Allan pronounced sentence on any one as being guilty of "indecorum," she used the word merely as an equivalent for a much stronger term, and implied that in her opinion they had sunk in the *caduc* propriety of conduct.

Truth to tell, I seldom succeeded in behaving blamelessly in any one respect in the opinion of those who were my nearest and, I dare say, ought to have been my dearest on earth. I was a "thorn in the flesh" to my aunt Sophia, being "headstrong, unruly, and disposed to excess and extravagance," according to her account—according to her peculiar views and ideas, I suppose I was—and I rather believe that the fact of receiving in regular quarterly installments, out of my splendid income of fifty pounds a year, the sum of thirty-five pounds a year for my board, lodging and washing alone consoled her for my undesirable presence beneath her roof.

To my cousin, Mrs. Allan, in spite of her kindly, if somewhat narrow-hearted, nature, I think I was often a cause of exercise to her "faith, patience, brotherly kindness and charity." She never quite understood me; I puzzled and displeased her often with my "unfeminine opinions and odd unladylike ways"; and, seeing that I was poor, plain-looking, and likely to be an old maid, my "odd ways" met with little toleration.

But, being one of those persons who have an intense respect for their own family, for my dead mother's sake, who had been brought up with me as a sister, Mrs. Allan acknowledged the slight tie of relationship between us most punctiliously, invited me to her house on several occasions, and likewise kindly helped out my narrow resources by a present of a silk dress or a new bonnet now and then, and always spoke of me to her friends as "poor Gwendoline."

Further than this, I could not declare that my existence or non-existence was of the slightest interest or importance to any living creature. I had a father, certainly—so I had been told—but it was mere hearsay evidence as far as I was concerned; and he, not having seen me since I was a small, and, I believe, peculiarly hideous infant of some fifteen months, when my mother brought me from Australia, where they had settled—coming home to die, as it proved, and he remaining behind to marry again and rear half-a-dozen blooming sons and daughters by his second marriage—could not be expected to bestow much thought on me; and he never did, except by one or two queries, during the twenty-six years of my life, as to whether I had grown up like my mother's family or his, and the remark that he trusted I had not inherited my mother's weakly constitution.

I do not know that I missed fatherly or motherly love—I had never known either—I had never known any love in my life but one—this one that had come to me in the glad, sweet Summer time, when George Allan came home from sea, and I was staying at Meadsman. Heaven alone can tell how utterly tender, deep, passionate and yearning that love was—the love of a woman past her girlhood for a young lover, a man her junior in years and feeling, heart and mind, but withal a good man and true, honest and simple-hearted—her first love and idolized darling, in whom centred all the blended affections of a strong, warm womanly soul, which had never before possessed anything to love, admire, delight in and be proud of.

I knew he loved me, for he had told me so, and I knew it from that hour when he stood gazing into my face, his bright, ardent, honest eyes telling me what he thought of me; but, oh, it was not love like mine—not like mine!

At this point in my musing, gloomy dark eyes gazed once more gloomily and despondently at the mirrored face beyond.

"Gwendoline Wymond," said I, sarcastically, to myself, "are you endeavoring to forget that you are six-and-twenty years of age? Are you trying to persuade yourself that there are no fair women in

the land for him to dream of besides you—no women with more potent charms than being able to read Tennyson well, sing sentimental songs for him, dress herself becomingly to delight his simple tastes in such matters, and reciprocate confidences with him in Summer twilight hours? You are a poor, short-sighted, ignorant fool, if you do. What do you think of Blanche Dyas, the heiress—Miss Dyas of Meadsman Hall?

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair,"

isn't she? You don't admire her of course, with your dark hair and olive complexion. You don't think her shallow, vain, and heartless, judging from some physiognomical tests? Of course you do. But you can't deny, Gwendoline, my dear, that she has beautiful yellow hair and a creamy skin, and the most finely chiseled of noses and most faultless of cold, smiling lips, and a reputed dozen of sixty thousand pounds? No, you can't deny that, any more than you can deny that she is six years your junior, and that George Allan admires her extremely, and that Mrs. Allan declares her to be the "sweetest and most elegant young creature she ever met."

"What a number of visits she pays Mrs. Allan—in her sweet condescension of course—the heiress of Meadsman Hall! And how unsuccessfully Mrs. Allan tries not to appear flattered and delighted therewith! As if Miss Blanche Dyas, with those keen steel-blue eyes of hers, could not perceive what a person of consequence she is considered; or as if Miss Blanche's humility and innocence would—Stop, Gwendoline! What a spiteful old maid you will be, to be sure! What is it to you if the girl has golden hair and a golden fortune?

"Nothing! Only—only—if I were rich and young and beautiful as she is! Oh, George, if I were rich and beautiful for your sake! If I possessed any treasure besides my deep, faithful, jealous love! I could possess naught else as valuable, naught else as worthy of your acceptance, of your prizing and treasuring!"

At this juncture, big, hot tears welled up so fast into the gloomy eyes that I could not wipe them away quickly enough, and the desolate pale face in the mirror, to which I had addressed my reproaches, was hidden from my sight. I turned away to the open window; and, by way of rendering myself more completely and comfortably miserable, I opened my aunt's neglected letter again, and applied myself to deciphering the words, crabbed in letter as well as in spirit, afresh.

A soft wind rustled the stiff shining leaves of the scarlet japonica, the coral buds of which were just bursting into flower, and sent down such a quantity of little rosy petals from the clusters of the climbing multiflora rose that two or three floated in on the breeze and alighted softly on Aunt Sophia's scratchy letter.

"Where did I leave off? Ah, yes—about the 'terrible expenses'—'harvest very poor'—the housemaid 'careless, idle, utterly worthless.' All Aunt Sophia's servants are the same. Queer, isn't it?" I soliloquized.

"Your visit to Meadsman this year has been an unusually long one."

"Aunt Sophia," cried I, angrily, flattening out the unpleasant epistle, "why need you try to make me uncomfortable even when I am out of your house? Don't I pay you quarterly as usual, if I happen to leave in the middle of a quarter, as you insisted should be done, in true lodging-house style? Supposing my visit has been a long one? I have not outstaid Mrs. Allan's welcome, have I? She is always just as kind to me when I go away as when I come. I will return soon—in another fortnight or so. George will be here for two months more. I can't go away yet—just a little longer."

"Besides, my dear niece!"—oh, what is she calling me 'her dear niece' for? I am going to hear something dreadfully disagreeable—I think you must have altogether forgotten the fact that your stay at Mrs. Allan's house, now that her stepson is at home, is scarcely consistent with the strict and punctilious propriety which I know she is so careful to observe at all times. I know that he is but a boy in years compared to you, but still, in the absence of any young woman in the house but yourself, there must of necessity be a good deal of companionship and familiarity which is undesirable between young persons of different sexes. It cannot fail to be a cause of displeasure to Mrs. Allan; and I wonder you have not perceived it, and acted as a young woman of upright behavior and high principles should always act in such cases. Err—if need be—err on the side of strict decorum. This golden rule it is needful to—"

"What is she talking about? What have I done?"

I rose to my feet with a cry of pain and anger, flinging the stinging letter down as if it were a viper.

"What have I done wrongly that she should insult me with her prudishness—insult me so coarsely? And my cousin Mrs. Allan, too—can Aunt Sophia be merely bringing in her name to strengthen her own assertion, or has she any real grounds for saying this?"

Like a flash of angry light came the words of my aunt's letter, revealing a deeper meaning in the cold looks, prim reproofs, sage advice, and obscure remarks which had been bestowed rather liberally on me, during my stay at Meadsman, on each occasion of George's offering a fruit or a flower—on each occasion of our Tennyson-reading out in the sweet old garden-shades, or our promenading up and down the path outside the parlor-windows in the misty soft Summer twilight. Ascribing, as I did, these mild evidences of discontent entirely to the prudish, fidgety old-fashioned punctiliousness which Mrs. Allan upheld as the rule of conduct for every living creature under the sun—old men and children as well as young men and maidens—had passed them by, or smiled at them, secure, as I thought, in my relative's reality of kindly feeling. And now—now it appeared that I had most surely outstaid my welcome, and that the news of my departure would be the most agreeable information I could give my hostess.

My face flamed as my fiery pride and wounded feelings arose in arms. Should I bring my visit to an abrupt termination and leave at once?

Three days later was the date George and I had fixed upon for a long walk to the ruins in the hazel-copse at Battlebarrow—a long, low walk by country lanes, across meadows and downs—long Summer's day excursion—we two alone. We had planned it together to the minutest accessories—picnic basket, volume of Tennyson, straw hats, and what George called "an anti-ruination costume" of some light serviceable washing material for me. I could not disappoint him—he had spoken to me about it only that same afternoon.

"I want to have such a stock of pleasant memories to carry away to sea with me, Gwendoline," he said, earnestly; and then, with a mixture of boyish shyness and lover-like daring in his face and manner which would have amused me had it not touched my foolish heart so deeply, his hand crept close to mine in a coaxing pressure as he half whispered, looking up into my face with his sunny eyes, and coloring slightly at his own audacity, "Won't you come, darling? Gwendoline, my darling, won't you?"

How could I grieve or disappoint him, and deprive him of a day's pleasure, even if it were wisest and best on behalf of my own interests hereafter to say nay? "Let me, oh, let me for this once," I cried to myself, "be utterly, carelessly, entirely happy with him, since I love him—let him be happy with me, since he loves me."

Up from the garden beneath came the echoes of gay voices—George's hearty, pleasant, strong bass voice, and a shrill, clear feminine voice, with interludes of affecting tittering laughter and mincingly uttered words, which always aroused the direst antagonism of my nature.

Springing up from my chair, I looked out, to see George proceeding slowly conservatoryward, armed with a flower-basket and pruning-knife, and by his side a young lady—no, a sylph—an elegant and marvelous creation of nature and the milliner's skill, robed in ethereal transparent white and pale lustrous green, like a goddess of Summer woodland, with floating tresses of golden hair straying over her shoulders from beneath the shining coils of her fashionable *chevelure*, on which rested an adornment like to that of false, fair Guinevere's—

"A light green tuft of plumes she bore,
Closed in a golden ring."

False, fair Guinevere, and my Sir Lancelot by her side! Was that sudden suggestion of my own burning jealous thoughts utterly incorrect? Or could there be any possibility a parallel drawn between that "sweetest and most elegant of young creatures," Miss Blanche Dyas, who, it appeared, was about to favor us with her society that afternoon, and Arthur's faithless queen?

Silently and quietly I stood at my window watching them; very silently and quietly I completed my toilet, and then I went down-stairs to greet our fair self-invited guest, and to contribute my part towards rendering her visit, as she told us with enchanting smiles and pretty phrases, so delightfully pleasant to her.

It seemed indeed to be so. Everything was "exquisite," "charming," "delicious," "ravishing"—her pet French word—from the moss rose-buds in the pink vase to the greengage tart, from the golden sunset to the rich seed-cake.

It was no wonder that her gay mood and high spirits were infectious. George seemed almost transformed from his usual calm, silent, equable-tempered self, by her brilliant blithesomeness teasing him, bantering him, flattering him. Mrs. Allan, between admiration and pleasure and amusement, was quite in a flushed, bewildered state of satisfaction and unusual mirthfulness. And I strove hard, honestly hard, through the weary, interminable length of that golden Summer evening, not to mar their pleasure and enjoyment, from which I felt shut out—separated—as though between me and the party around Mrs. Allan's well-spread tea-table, glowing and gleaming with all that was rich and rare and dainty in her household, there yawned a deep, cold, dark gulf, which widened each moment—widened each moment between George and me, leaving him as I had seen him few hours since—young, handsome, and happy, with that fair young girl by his side—far, far apart from me, the pale, cold, taciturn, dark-haired woman, who looked old enough to be a staid spinster aunt of the pretty creature whose fair hair glittered and glistened in the lamplight like threads of gold, on whose waxen fair cheeks was the bloom of the heart of a rose, with which the exquisite hue of her shining robe harmonized so perfectly; for

"A gown of grass-green silk she wore,
Buckled with golden clasps before."

—of a surety like that of Guinevere's, when, riding on her cream-white mule,

"She looked so lovely as she swayed
The rein with dainty finger tips,
A man had given all other bliss,
And all his worldly worth for this—
To waste his whole heart in one kiss
Upon her perfect lips."

Yes, she was very lovely, in the radiance of health, youth, riches, accomplishments, and graces. To myself I acknowledged with cold, quiet truth that I was but a creature of coarse, common mold beside this lilylike being; there never could be any possibility of comparison between Blanche Dyas and me. But I strove hard—resolutely, determinately—that not an omission of the most punctilious politeness should be visible on my part either to her or to others.

Perhaps for once my behavior was faultless even in Mrs. Allan's eyes, for I could not fail to notice a certain remorseful softness and uneasy affectionateness in her manner towards me, as she glanced furtively now and then at my white face, and noticed my forced smiles and subdued manner.

no one to see, no one to tell him the tale, so he would never know whose cheek was pressed to the door-panel, whose tears fell fast on the carpet, which by-and-by he would tread so carelessly over, whose lips bade him a voiceless last farewell with an agony of yearning, despairing love such as he had never felt, never could feel. And when the crimson light, changing to full golden radiance, shone on the windows facing the glory of the east, and awoke George Allan from pleasant morning dreams, Gwendoline Wymond had left Meadsham for ever.

(To be continued.)

"CHRIST IS RISEN."

CHIMING THE GLAD TIDINGS AT TRINITY CHURCH.

AS one walks the streets of a great city on a quiet Sabbath morning, there can come no sweeter sound than the chiming of the church-bells, swaying musically in the tapering aerie far above his head. He pauses to listen, and, as the melody floods the air, catches some of the sweet content and peace which are generally the burden of the song.

High up in the steeple, in a dingy room, with solid walls, low-arched doorway, heavy beams, and winding stairway, leading still higher up into the gloomy steeple, is the post where the bell-ringer of Trinity Church works the simple but effective machinery of his chimes. A rude framework of heavy timbers, with ten handles or levers to which are attached strong cowhide ropes, which run over large wheels and cranks, and are connected at the other end with the tongue of the bell, is the instrument used; but great skill is required for the proper manipulation of it, and the hand of a thoroughly competent performer is necessary to play rapid passages of music in correct time. The old mode of ringing the chimes was to have one man to each bell, the rope running over a flywheel, and the bell was swung over by this method. In the bell-chimer's room can still be seen the broad leather straps attached to the floor, in which the bell-ringers placed their feet for the purpose of steadyng themselves, as they stood in a circle; and above can be seen the holes through which the ropes passed to the bells. Now the bells are stationary, and the tongues are moved by ingeniously constructed levers, to which the ropes are attached. By the present mode a greater body of sound can be obtained from the bells than by the old method.

The bell-ringer himself, tugging away at his ropes, or sweating over his pedals among the clouds, takes no heed of the groups upon the pavement, all intent upon his work; knows not of the listening pale-faced invalid, blocks away, into whose apartment the waves of music flow. His is to watch his score and manipulate his chiming children, for we can readily believe that such must be the relationship existing between them.

For the purpose of giving our readers some idea of modern chiming, at this the Christmas time, we present sketches of the ringing of the bells at old Trinity Church.

In England, sets of bells of any kind are called peals, whereas in this country we limit the term to those which are attuned to harmonic intervals, while those which are attuned to diatonic intervals are called chimes. Thus a set of bells upon the eight notes of the scale is a chime; a set upon the first, third, fifth, and eighth, is a peal. The smallest number of bells that may be said to compose a chime is five, while what might be called the natural number—corresponding to the notes of the natural scale—is eight; but as the addition of an extra bell giving the note of the flat seventh creates a new series of diatonic tones in two key of the fourth, thus allowing music of the different keys to be played, this bell is usually added to the octave, so that a full chime is now understood to consist of at least nine bells, which number may, of course, be increased by adding bells which produce other tones, either within or beyond the octave.

The present set of chimes consists of ten bells, from D to E, with a flat seventh. The bells are so arranged that they can be played in the key of G and D, one and two sharps. All bells sound more brilliantly in sharp keys than in flat keys. Five of the bells were cast in London, in 1790, by Mears & Son, and arrived here in 1797. Four additional bells, made by the same firm, were imported in 1846, and the tenth is a new bell from the Meneely Bell Foundry, Troy, N. Y. The large bell was accidentally broken while taking it down from the old church steeple, and was recast in this country from the original metal. The largest bell weighs 3,081 pounds, and the smallest about 500 pounds. The chimes are played every Sunday morning and afternoon, for thirty minutes each time, on saints' days and festivals, Christmas and New Year's Eve, and national holidays.

Mr. James E. Ayliffe, the present bell-chimer, has held the position for over twenty-two years. He is a thorough musician, having followed his profession from boyhood. He has paid special attention to bell-playing, and has probably arranged more pieces of music for chimes, and instructed more chime-players, than any man in this country. Some idea of his industry and the perfection to which he has brought this style of melody can be formed from the fact that he has over a thousand pieces of music prepared for bell-playing. He is only allowed to play secular tunes on national holidays, New Year's Eve, and special occasions.

A strange interest and fascination have always attached to the ringing of bells. The cauldrons of Dodona, which were a rude kind of brazen kettle or bell, are mentioned in history as having existed at a very early period, they having been hung upon the temple of Jupiter, at Dodona, and through the sound which they gave forth when the wind caused them to strike against each other, the most ancient of Grecian oracles promulgated their responses. In the Middle Ages there were many superstitious notions connected with bells, one of the most remarkable of which was the belief that their sound was peculiarly efficacious in disconcerting evil spirits. The ringing of bells during eclipses—which were supposed to be occasioned by evil spirits—was common. They were rung to avert tempests, drive away infections, and abate lightning. This belief is evidenced by one of the most common of old Latin inscriptions: "Pestem fugio"—(I drive away infections); "Fulgura frango"—(I abate the lightnings); "Dissipo ventos"—(I dissipate the winds).

In modern times the old superstitious notions have faded away, but there are few who now listen to the ringing of bells without experiencing feelings of joy or sorrow, peace or terror, and some of our sweetest poets have thrown around the theme the witchery of their genius. Poe has, with true poetic instinct, interpreted the sweet, the sad, the wild language of the swinging bells; Dickens has woven his weird, fantastic thoughts, in rhythmic prose around the chimes that hung high up in the steeple; and through the smooth verses of other sweet singers sound the tolling of the vesper and the curfew bell, the soft music of the church chimes, or the tinkling of the merry marriage bells.

Mr. Ayliffe has arranged the following programme for Christmas Eve:

1. Ringing the changes on eight bells.
2. Christmas Carol—"The Christmas Tree."
3. Christmas Carol—"See, the Morning Star is Dawning."
4. Christmas Carol—"Wise Men from the East were Coming."
5. Christmas Carol—"Ring Out the Bells."
6. Christmas Carol—"The Children of the Temple."
7. Christmas Carol—"Christ was Born on Christmas Day."

On Christmas Day he will perform the following, commencing at 10:30 A.M.:

1. Ringing the changes on eight bells.
2. Christmas Carol—"A Child this Day is Born."
3. Christmas Carol—"Good Christian Men, Rejoice."
4. Christmas Carol—"Awake, Ye Faithful Christians!"
5. Christmas Carol—"Three Kings of Orient."
6. Christmas Carol—"Angels from the Realms of Glory."
7. Christmas Carol—"Christ was Born on Christmas Day."

SENATOR JONES'S MARRIAGE.

THE approaching marriage of Senator John P. Jones of Nevada to Miss Georgia Sullivan is an event of national significance, since the bridegroom is known throughout the land, and the bride will at once take rank at Washington with the first ladies of the nation. Miss Sullivan is the daughter of the well-known capitalist, Eugene L. Sullivan, late Chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, of California, and now on the staff of Governor Newton Booth. She is well-fitted by education, culture, personal charms, and true feminine accomplishments for the elevated station to which she will soon be called. She is about twenty years of age, in style of beauty demi-brunette, slender and graceful of figure, and, though quiet and unassuming in manner, sufficiently self-reliant for the exigencies of good society. She is much beloved by her friends, and a general favorite among a large circle of acquaintances. She is a sister of Mrs. Dr. Bushnell, with whom she is at present residing. The wedding will be private and select. It will take place some time during the latter part of December. Soon after the event the Senator and his lady will leave for Washington.

"Fay," the sprightly correspondent of the Louisville "Courier-Journal," writes from Washington: "It seems unpardonable in Jones, the rich and wise Jones, to pass our Washington ladies over and bring bride from California. Last Winter there was a let-up in introducing to him ladies who would suit him for wives. Of course he was only to take one at a time, but then he was to be permitted a choice from quite a number. Jones hypocritically announced that his affliction was too recent to admit of his thinking of a second marriage. I don't know how long before that Mrs. Jones No. 1 had departed, but I am afraid it was more the thought of that young woman in California than the deceased wife that kept him from inclining towards the many fair aspirants for his heart and home, to say nothing of the silver mines. There is a pleasant little anecdote told of the two Senators from Nevada. Stewart was expatiating upon the many attractions of that highly-favored land. He wound up his eulogy by saying that all that was needed there was water and good society. Jones responded: 'That is all that is needed in h—l! You see, I'm falling into the newspaper habit of quoting Jones's wise aphorisms.'

The following is from a private letter received in this city: "How will Washington feel when Senator Jones returns with his fair young bride? For he is really to be married to Miss Sullivan, and very soon. Except in point of age, it is one of those ideal marriages that we seldom see, and in regard to age, one cannot say more than he did in speaking of it to me a few days since. After discussing the engagement, Senator Jones remarked: 'The only drawback is the difference in our ages, and if she is gracious enough to overlook the difference, it does not become any one else to make objections on that score.' The bride-elect is not a beauty, strictly speaking, but is more than ordinarily pretty. Miss Sullivan is of medium size, with a fine stylish figure, and very elegant and refined manners. She has a lovely, thoughtful face, crowned with wavy masses of bright blonde hair, of that rare, beautiful tint which looks as if it held in durance the brightest rays of a Summer sun. She is a woman with great force of character and a mind well disciplined and highly cultured. Inheriting a fortune from her grandfather, and being the only child of a gentleman of large wealth, she is above and beyond the suspicion of mercenary motives, which, under other circumstances, might attach to a marriage with so wealthy a man as Senator Jones. No one who sees them together can doubt that her whole soul is wrapped up in him. With the keenest intellect and the kindest heart in these Pacific States, he is a man for woman's love, and he has won a worthy share of it. In this era of love matches we feel proud to add one from this far-off land of the West. May all good fortune follow them."

THE INTERIOR OF A HAREM.

EVERY harem is a little world in itself, composed entirely of women—some who rule, others who obey, and those who serve. Here disinterestedness vanishes out of sight. Each one is for herself. They are nearly all young women, but they have the appearance of being slightly blighted. Nobody is too much in earnest, or too much alive, or too happy. The general atmosphere is that of depression. They are bound to have no thought for the world they have quitted, however pleasant it may have been: to ignore all ties and affections; to have no care but for one individual alone, and that the master. But if you became acquainted with some of these very women under favorable conditions—very rare, however—you might gather glimpses of recollections of the outer world, of earlier life and strong affections; of hearts scarred and disfigured and broken; of suppressed sighs and unuttered sobs, that would dispose you to melancholy reflections and sad forebodings, and, if you were by nature tender, to shedding of tears. Their dress and manners often betray all sorts of peculiarities, and yet all is harmonious outwardly. They are unconscious of the terrible defacement they have undergone. Yet it sometimes happens that this same little world has its greatness, and always when a woman becomes a mother her life changes; she passes from the ignoble; then she becomes pure, worthy, honorable.

FRENCH AND AMERICAN MODESTY.

ONE visiting the statuary in Paris finds none of that contemptible mock modesty which prevails to so considerable an extent on the American shores of the Atlantic. Where a statue exhibits nudity there is no attempt at concealing any portion of the anatomy. I had the curiosity (says a correspondent) to watch the faces of visitors who were inspecting these specimens. Often they were young girls, and in no instance did they blush or show evidence of discomposure. They seemed to

comprehend perfectly that it was a work of art, and nothing more. None of the lady visitors—at least, those of them who were French—had for such exhibition any of those affected glances, the strained pretense of being offended, the color of a false modesty mounting into their faces, which one under similar circumstances sees so often among American women. In this direction, true modesty is on the side of the French woman. She then looks and acts as if she had no knowledge of evil; while her American sister seems to betray the fact that she is in the possession of full information. In this respect, we have a good deal to learn from French and English women, and which, when learned, will be of great advantage to our American fair sex. There is not, perhaps, any particular merit in the case of these French women, for the reason that they are brought up among art surroundings, in whose case nature, when portrayed, is without concealment. The galleries, the parks, the public squares, monuments, present these women with innumerable specimens of nature given without any attempt at concealment. Seeing always such things, they present no novelty. They are a part of the education, a portion of the daily life, of these women, so that there is never a time when they are other than commonplace in their existence and characteristics.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

VERY LARGE spherical mercurial bulbs are little better than those filled with alcohol, but with small bulbs mercury is much more sensitive.

RELATIONS BETWEEN COLORATION OF BIRDS AND DISTRIBUTION.—M. Alphonse Milne-Edwards remarks, in the "Comptes Rendus," that in certain ornithological families (swans and parrots, &c., &c.) the tendency to melanism, or black plumage, only appears in the Southern Hemisphere, and more particularly in the region comprising New Zealand, Papua, Madagascar, and intermediate parts.

COLLISION OF STARS.—Sir G. A. Stoney, F. R. S., has read a paper on the results which would take place supposing two stars to come into collision, the effect being a great increase in light and heat. He pointed out that there might be many cold or dark stars in space of which science knows nothing. There are some stars which appear and disappear at intervals. This might be due to one star passing and "wiping" another.

LIGHT IN DANGEROUS PLACES.—In Paris the watchmen in all magazines where inflammable or explosive materials are stored use for purposes of illumination a light provided according to the following method: "Take an oblong vial of the cleanest glass; put into it a piece of phosphorus about the size of a pea, upon which pour some olive oil heated to the boiling point, filling the vial about one third full, and then close the vial with a tight cork. To use it, remove the cork, and allow the air to enter the vial, and then recork it. The whole empty space in the bottle will then become luminous, and the light obtained will be equal to that of a lamp. As soon as the light grows weak, its power can be increased by opening the vial and allowing a fresh supply of air to enter. In winter it is sometimes necessary to heat the vial between the hands to increase the fluidity of the oil. Thus prepared, the vial may be used for six months.

A WONDERFUL MONSTROSITY.—The Lancaster (Pa.) "Express" relates the following: "Yesterday there appeared at the office of District Attorney Rosecrans a young woman, who bore in her arms the most horrible monstrosity that we have ever seen. She hails from Columbia, and visited the office for the purpose of prosecuting a recent lover for fornication and bastardy, and also for an attempted abortion. The object which the young mother bore in her arms was a child apparently three or four months old, but without hands or feet. Its forehead is low, its head ill-shaped; but the most remarkable feature of the monstrosity consists in this: Where the right hand should be there is a lump of flesh which closely resembles a dog's head, while the right ankle terminates in a projection that might easily be taken for a dog's leg. This unnatural production is attributed to the means alleged to have been used in the attempt to destroy the life of the fetus, in which a galvanic battery and a dog were made to play a prominent part. As the case goes to court, it will no doubt lead to some novel and interesting scientific developments."

A CITY WITH SILVER-PAVED STREETS.—The Virginia (New) "Enterprise" says: "Our principal streets being macadamized with refuse ore taken from the mines in early days, and being coated with the rich ore that has been year after year sifted down upon them from the ore-wagons, are now everywhere more or less aridaceous. Indeed, there is not the slightest stretch of the imagination in saying that we never take a step in the town but we are walking on silver—that our streets are literally paved with silver. While speaking of this fact a day or two since, a young man bet his friend the price of the assaying and 'the cigars' that he would take a lump of mud off of the wheel of a bus, then standing before them, and would get out of it precious metal, to the value of over \$5 per ton. An ounce or two of mud was taken from the wheel of the vehicle and placed in the hands of an assayer, who was not told where the sample was obtained, and who, no doubt, supposed that he was dealing with decomposed ore or vein matter from one of our mines. The assay was made, and the assayer's certificate showed that the sample contained: Silver, \$7.54; gold, \$2.32; total, \$9.85. After this we may put on airs, even though our streets are villainously muddy occasionally, for the very mud on our boots contains both silver and gold—is not the vulgar mud of the 'cow county' towns?"

DR. CARPENTER ON DEEP SEA TEMPERATURES.—Dr. Carpenter, who is known to be investigating this subject, read a paper upon it at the meeting of the British Association at Belfast. He stated that while a strong surface current is flowing into the Mediterranean through the Straits of Gibraltar, a deep-sea current is flowing out into the Atlantic below it. The Mediterranean tends to grow saltier in consequence of losing fresh water by evaporation. As the remaining grew saltier it also grew heavier, and so formed a lower current flowing out through the Straits, whilst lighter and fresher water from the Atlantic was flowing in above. This upper current kept the Mediterranean from growing too salt. There were similar under and upper currents in the Dardanelles. The former carried the drag along so rapidly, and drew the buoy to which it was attached so quickly against the upper current, that the sailors could not keep up with it by rowing, and would have lost it but for the aid of a steam launch. In the Atlantic the Gulf Stream was a trumpery thing, only forty miles wide between New York and England, and not very deep. It had little or nothing to do with keeping our climate warm in winter. The bottom of the Atlantic was covered to a vast depth with icy cold water, caused by the melting of Polar snows and ice. This cold water had a tendency, he believed, to surge up on certain portions of the North American coast, where it washed the shores of some of the Southern States. A broad, slow, warm current travels up the western shores of Europe and Africa; a swifter cold current from the north washes the eastern shores of North America, bringing down with it ice and icebergs from the polar regions. The Caspian Sea was the only sea in the world where the rainfall and river-supply of fresh water exactly balanced the evaporation. This was because it was a closed sea, and had dried up to the point where two things balanced each other year by year.

MRS. DEAN.—Mrs. Dean, wife of a Baptist missionary in Siam, prepared a petition praying for the abrogation of a law which allows a man to pawn his wife and children into slavery in payment of debts. It was signed by most of the European ladies at Bangkok, and has been favorably received by the young king.

It has been disclosed at last that the cause of the royal sights towards the Empress of Russia is the Princess Beatrice, said to be quite shrewish. The Duchess of Edinburgh is said to have had many quarrels with her husband's relatives because Beatrice insists upon taking precedence of her on all occasions.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

SCRIBNER COLFAX.—Scribner Colfax will lecture on Abraham Lincoln this winter, and wisely eschew politics.

Mrs. MARSHALL O. ROBERTS.—Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts died in London, December 13th, whether she had gone for her health.

It is thought, from her constant attendance at theatres, that Anna Dickinson is really preparing for the stage.

DOC UNDERWOOD.—The well-known pool-seller, died at Saratoga, N. Y., December 3d, of hemorrhage of the lungs.

Mrs. HARRIET HOSKINS.—Mrs. Hoskins will soon complete the status of "Emancipation" she has promised to present to Philadelphia.

The bust of Whittier.—By Preston Powers, will be forwarded to this country about New Year's. Senator Sumner headed the subscription list.

Mrs. ROUSBY.—Mrs. Rousby, who is soon to appear at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, is the youngest daughter of the Inspector-General of Hospitals in England.

The authorities in Washington will do King Kalakaua just \$60,000 worth of honor, and will return to ordinary die the moment that sum is exhausted.

A MARBLE MONUMENT.—A marble monument, in the form of a finely-sculptured tablet, has been quietly placed over the remains of the late William H. Seward, at Fort Hill Cemetery, Auburn, N. Y.

DON PLATT.—Don Platt says of King Kalakaua: "David is said to have inherited a taste for human flesh. If he would kill and eat Delano or Williams we would regard his visit as a special providence."

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.—The Duke of Norfolk, England, who is about renouncing all worldly titles to enter holy orders, is but twenty-seven years of age. He is the hereditary Earl Marshal of the kingdom.

MICHAEL FENWELL.—Michael Fenwell, who, during the rebellion in Canada in 1837, attempted to blow up the Parliament House, died recently in San Francisco. The last years of his life were spent in journalism.

COLONEL SAM PIKE.—Colonel Sam Pike, a 33rd-degree Mason, who has followed journalism for over forty years, and started thirty-four weekly papers in Ohio and Kentucky, has at length retired from the profession.

BELLE BOYD.—Belle Boyd, who made considerable notoriety during the war as a Confederate spy, has been very ubiquitous lately. She stopped at hotels in Rome, Ga., and Watertown, N. Y., in one day recently.

CHIEF-JUSTICE APPLETOR.—Chief-Justice Appleton, of Maine, has drawn an opinion to the effect that under the constitution women cannot hold the office of Justice of the Peace, or any other mentioned in that document.

JAMES R. GILMORE.—James R. Gilmore, known to the literary world as Edmund Kirke, was sentenced in Newark, N. J., last week, to pay a fine of \$100 on each of the two charges of fraud in real estate speculations.

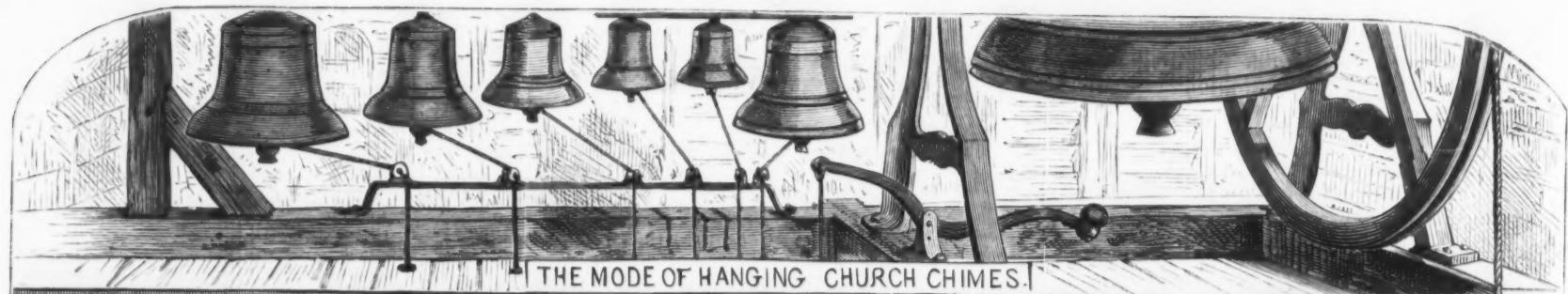
THE HON. DAVID H. STORE.—The Hon. David H. Store, the new Lord Mayor of London, England, is about making quite an innovation in official procedure by visiting Paris in state to witness the opening of the new Opera House.

THE HON. WILLIAM E. FORSTER.—The Hon. William E. Forster, M. P., was tendered a reception by the Union League Club of New York City, December 14th, and was welcomed by many distinguished jurists, clergymen and citizens.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF NEW YORK.—The Attorney-General of New York has decided that the contract between the Directors of the Erie Railroad and Mr. Jewett, the President, is illegal, and that the salary, \$40,000 per year for ten years, is exorbitant.

JAMES L. MURPHY.—James L. Murphy, the second of three brothers long known as the official reporters of the debates in the Senate, at Washington, died December 4th. He was accounted the best stenographer in the United States.

MADAME VAN DER WEYER.—Madame Van der Weyer, widow of the former Belgian minister in London



THE MODE OF HANGING CHURCH CHIMES.



RINGING THE CHIMES



In the Early Christmas Morning.

RINGING THE CHRISTMAS CHIMES IN TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 283.

SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MONUMENT,
CHARLESTOWN, MASS.

THIS beautiful memorial stands in Winthrop Square, Charlestown, Mass., a short distance south of Bunker Hill Monument. It is constructed of a light-colored and fine-grained granite, and was executed by Martin Milmore, the gifted young artist, of Boston. The height of the whole structure is thirty-three feet. It consists of a pedestal, surrounded by three figures, representing America crowning with laurel wreaths a soldier and a sailor. The figure of America is ten feet high, and the others each eight feet high. On the pedestal is the following inscription: "In honor of the men of Charlestown, who, in the war of 1861, fought for the preservation of the Union." The monument cost about \$20,000, and was dedicated June 17th, 1872.

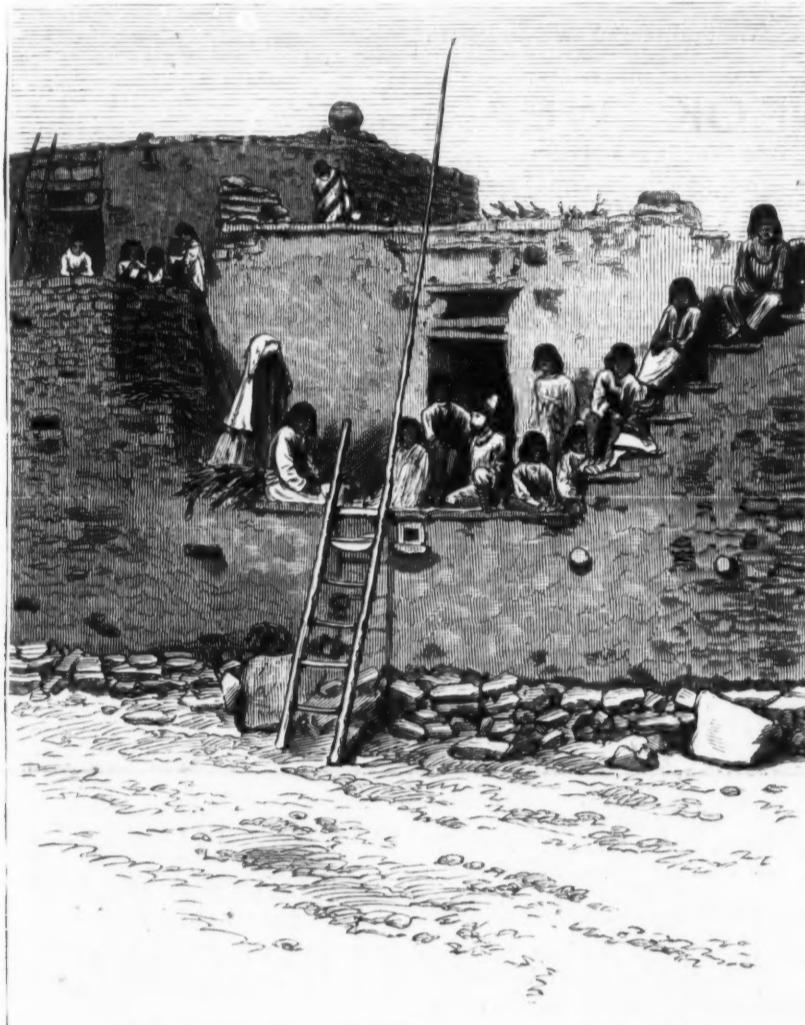
THE HON. J. H. DRUMMOND.

A RECEPTION was given in Cincinnati, O., on the 21st of November, which was quite an event in the history of Freemasonry in the United States. The Masonic Temple was densely

and massive cakes displaying Masonic emblems. In addition to all this, there was a grand display of living flowers and hot-house plants, rendering the scene most enchanting. On the centre of the small table was a cake representing a castle, octagonal in shape, surmounted by a double-headed eagle, bearing a crown and the figures "33^{o".}" On the octagon panels were "key-stones," bearing the letters "H. T. W. S. S. T. K. S." After the dinner came the "feast of reason and flow of soul," the toasts receiving pertinent responses. The party dispersed at a late hour, all conceding the occasion to be a most memorable one. Mr. Drummond stands high as a citizen and a prominent public man in his native State. He served in the Legislature as Speaker, and was for a long time United States District Attorney for that State.

THE WAIT MONUMENT.

THIS curious landmark stands at the corner of Federal Square, on State Street, Springfield, Mass. It was erected by Joseph Wait, of Brookfield, in 1763, to mark the entrance to the Boston Road. The tradition is that Wait started for Boston, but mistook the road to "Skipmuck"—now Chi-



ARIZONA.—INTERIOR VIEW OF AN AZTEC VILLAGE, ON A BRANCH OF THE COLORADO RIVER.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BEAMAN.

crowded with Masons assembled to pay their respects to the Hon. Josiah H. Drummond, of Portland, Me., who is the Grand High Priest of the General Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons, and Most Puissant Grand Commander of the Supreme Council of the Thirty-third Degree, Scottish Rite, for the Jurisdiction of America. Mr. Drummond was thus the representative of both branches in the United States—the York and Scottish Rites. The recep-

cepee Falls—for the Boston Road, and nearly perished in a snow-storm. Shortly after, he caused the monument to be erected. It is about six feet high, two feet broad, and one foot thick; and on it are Masonic emblems, the Latin motto, *Virtus est sua merces*, and another, now illegible, though the first word, *Pulsanti*, is still clear. Beneath is this inscription: "Boston Road. This Stone is erected by Joseph Wait, Esq., of Brookfield, for the benefit of Travellers, 1763." The stone is dark-red, and the emblems are displayed in yellow paint.

The Masonic fraternity of Springfield have appointed a committee to take measures for the preservation of this venerable landmark, now falling into



MONUMENT ERECTED BY THE CITY OF CHARLESTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS, IN HONOR OF THE MEN WHO FOUGHT IN THE WAR FOR THE UNION.

decay. It is scarred in several places by bullet-marks. In the Shay Rebellion it was the scene of a skirmish between General Sheppard's company and the insurgents, and received these scars at that time. Joseph Wait, who erected the monument, was born in 1732. He held many town and county offices at various times. He was killed by a fall from his horse in 1823. Chief Justice Waite is a descendant of a branch of the Wait family that removed to Lynn, Conn., in early times.

INTERIOR OF AN AZTEC VILLAGE.

THIS city is built on a bluff that rises to a height of three hundred feet above the surrounding plain, and is near a branch of the Colorado River. It is laid out in the form of a hollow square, and contains some seven hundred inhabitants, who follow agricultural pursuits. Instead of being made up of separate dwellings, the city resembles a honeycomb, with house upon house, all composing a most compact mass. A shale stone that is found in the neighborhood, running in strata about four inches in thickness, forms, with clay, the building material. As a family enlarges, instead of covering ground with a new structure, the inhabitants simply add another story. As will be seen in the engraving, the only approach is by means of ladders. No outer wall is needed for a defense as the bluff has a perpendicular side of one hundred and fifty feet.

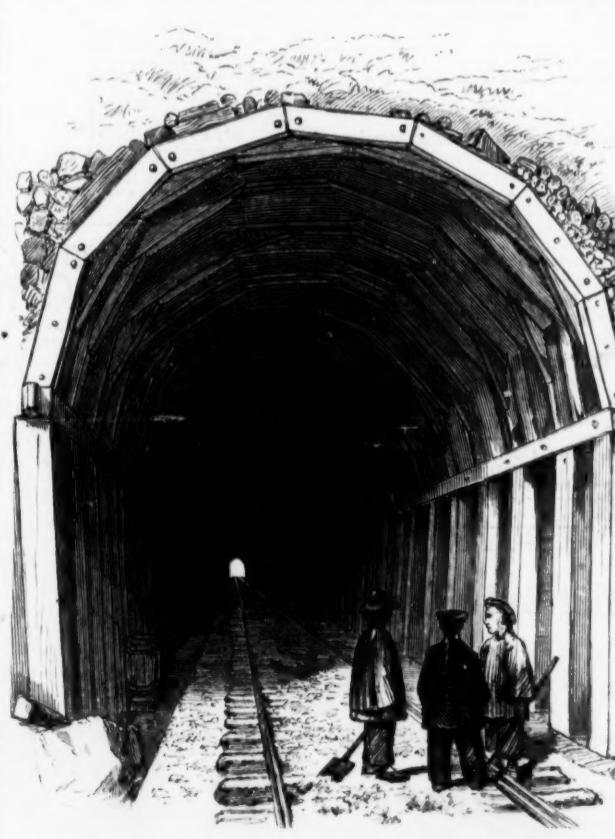
open, thus insuring a pretty strong circulation of air. If there is any mystery about this place, it is how parents keep babies from describing a parabola from the entrance to the plain far beneath.

TUNNEL AT HEAD OF ECHO CANON,
UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.

OUR cut represents Tunnel No. 2, on the Union Pacific Railroad, at the head of Echo Canon, near Echo City. The view is taken from the



THE WAIT MONUMENT, AN OLD LANDMARK, CORNER FEDERAL SQUARE AND STATE STREET, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—SKETCHED BY MILTON BRADLEY.



EASTERN PORTAL OF TUNNEL NO. 2, HEAD OF ECHO CANON, ON THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.—PHOTO. BY HOUSEWORTH, SAN FRANCISCO.

HON. JOSIAH H. DRUMMOND, M.P.G.C. SUPREME COUNCIL 33^o, SCOTTISH RITE OF MASON.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY M. F. KING, PORTLAND, MAINE.

tion was given in the Consistory Room of the Scottish Rite. The spacious dining-room was decorated with flags emblematic of the Order. Three long tables extended nearly the entire length of the room east and west, while a short table at the western end of the room, running north and south, had been provided for the presiding officer and distinguished visitors, who faced to the east. The tables were profusely decorated with confectionery

eastern port. The heavy timbers with which it is lined are from the forests of the Sierra Nevada. The group of Chinamen, in the foreground, shows the characteristics of the laborers who were principally employed on this work.

FORCE OF HABIT.

It has been a prevalent idea for some years past, and is now to a certain extent, that a Sewing Machine, to perform its allotted task, must of necessity embrace the form and principles which (with the exception of technical improvements and more perfect mechanical construction) have been in vogue a quarter of a century; and any innovation or deviation from these established rules, although evidently better adapted to the wants of the times, meet partially the same opposition which confronted the early introduction of Sewing Machines, pecuniary interest governing the dealer, and force of habit the purchaser. But a change for the better is rapidly taking place; people are prone to believe that a family Sewing Machine need not of itself call for an outlay of sixty dollars or more; or its dimensions require the aid of two or more people to remove it when desired. What is needed, and that which many have availed themselves of, is a machine at reasonable cost, which is capable of doing all the family sewing the most conveniently, without overtaxing their health or patience. For it is a well-known fact that there are hundreds of women apparently healthy to whom the use of an ordinary treadle machine for a few minutes only causes great distress, and sometimes irreparable injury. We now offer to the public a machine, the simplicity of which all can readily perceive, and find pleasure rather than a task in working; a machine which, in point of portability, utility, and ease of operation, make it an ever-ready and convenient companion.

BECKWITH SEWING MACHINE CO.
New York: 402 Broadway.
Chicago: 231 Wabash Avenue.

CHRISTMAS CANDLES.

WHEN is a mother a father? When she's a sinner.
WHY is a caterpillar like hot cakes? It's the grub that makes the butter fly.

A QUERR old chap has nicknamed his daughter Misery, because she loves company.

A young lady makes Shakespeare say, "An eye like man's, to threaten and command."

CICERO said: "The pursuit of all things should be calm and tranquil." How about capturing fleas?

A SILLYNESS—The good die young. Brigham the Mormon will die Young. Therefore Brigham is good.

It requires about as long to get a girl well out of her twentieth year, as for a horse to get beyond "eight years old this Spring."

A GENTLEMAN who had been struck by a young lady's beauty, was determined to follow the injunction, and "kiss the rod that smote him."

A boy having been told "that a reptile was an animal that creeps," on being asked to name one on examination day, promptly and triumphantly replied, "A baby."

A CORRESPONDENT of an American paper having described the Ohio as a "sickly stream," the editor appended the remark: "That's so—it is confined to its bed."

OUR the barber who uses saucers in clipping the front hair of young girls and boys to be adjudged guilty of sorcery, or is that style of hair any reason for its wearers being saucy?

MAGIC LANTERN AND 100 SLIDES FOR \$100.
E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO., 591 Broadway, N. Y.,
opposite Metropolitan Hotel. Chromes and Frames,
Stereoscopes and Views, Graphoscopes, Megatheroscopes,
Albums and Photographs of Celebrities. Photo-Lanterns
Slides a specialty. Manufacturers of Photographic Materials. Awarded First Premium at Vienna Exposition.
958-1009

Just What I Want.

A Sewing Machine that I myself can use for all my family work; and it is well attested that the "Wilcox & Gibbs" is just that machine. Send for Price List and Circular to Wilcox & Gibbs Sewing Machine Co., 658 Broadway, N. Y.

Worthless Imitations

OF Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth" are in circulation. The unprecedented success and popularity so justly gained for this harmless and valuable toilet preparation have induced persons to counterfeit it. The genuine has the United States Internal Revenue Stamp engraved on the front label, and the name of G. W. Laird stamped in the glass on the back of each bottle. No other is genuine. Sold at all druggists' and fancy goods dealers'.

Holiday Present
OF
Affection and Charity
FOR
WIFE, MOTHER, SISTER OR FRIEND.

WHEELER & WILSON
SEWING MACHINE,
AT THEIR NEW SALESROOM,
No. 44 Fourteenth Street,
UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

Will be Kept Open Evenings During the
Holiday Season. 406.

1846. Thirtieth Year. 1875.

THE HOME JOURNAL,
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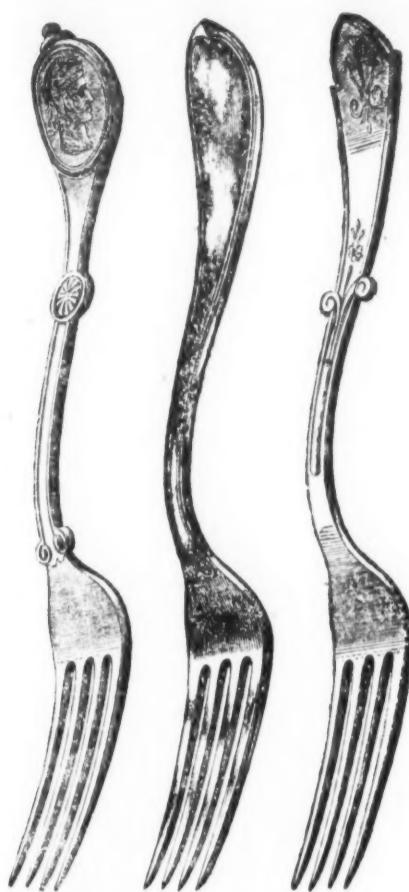
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